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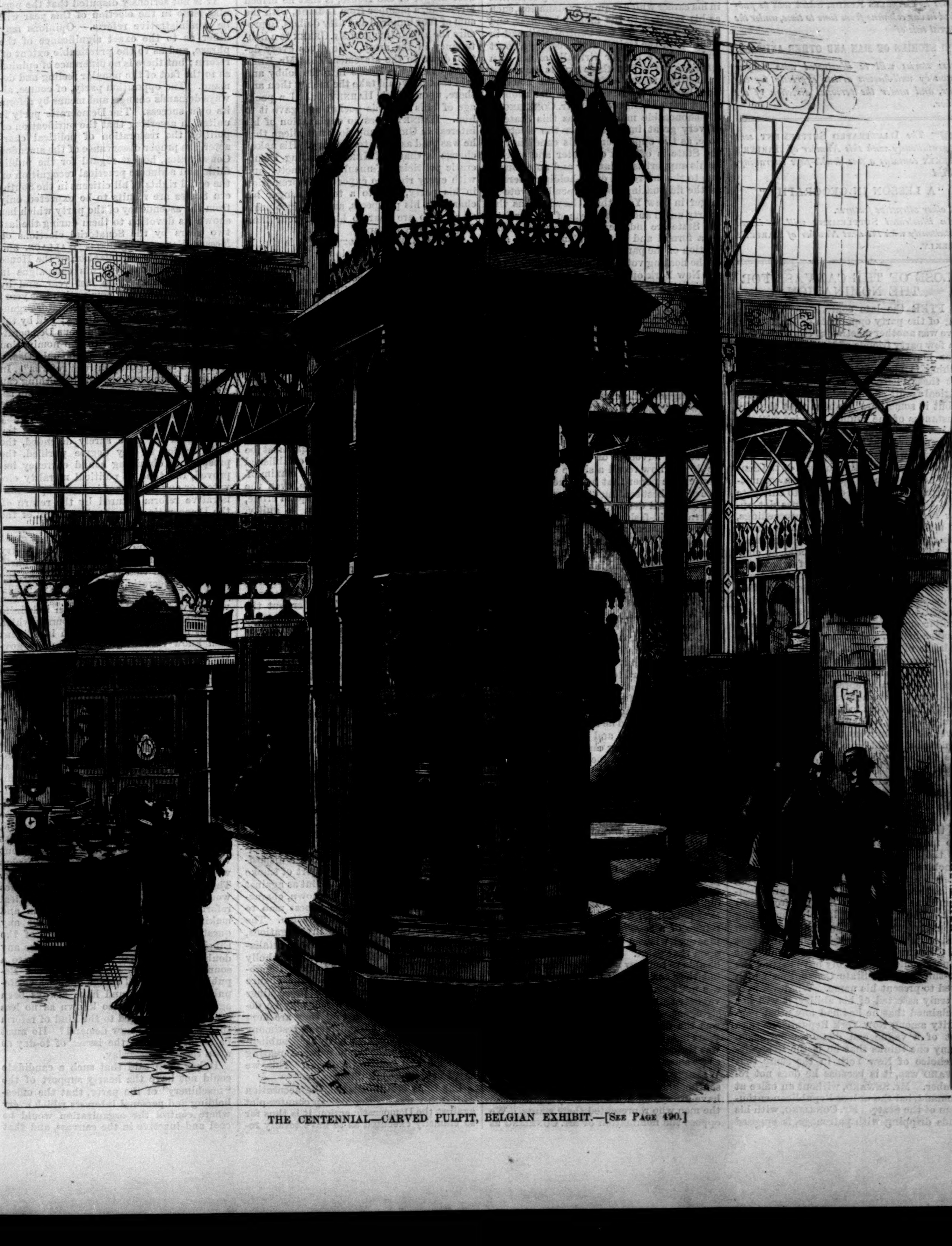

THE CENTENNIAL—CARVED PULPIT, BELGIAN EXHIBIT.—[SEE PAGE 490.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 17, 1876.

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CLOSE OF THE CANVASS FOR THE NOMINATION.

After the late conference at Albany of the party opponents of Mr. Tilden, there was another meeting at the same place of a few party friends of Mr. Conkling, who favor his nomination for the Presidency. Nothing is more natural and proper than that those citizens who wish to secure a political result should take counsel together, but it sometimes happens that the circumstances of the council may jar with its objects. The chief facts in regard to this conference are that Mr. Postmaster Smythe, of Albany, was its chief, and that it was proposed to promote the chances of the Senator's nomination by appointing a committee from the Senatorial districts to cultivate those chances vigorously. It does not appear from any report of the proceedings, but a fine sense of propriety must surely have suggested to the conferring gentlemen that the proper committee would be composed of local postmasters, of whom the worthy Albany postmaster should be grand chairman. It is, of course, unfortunate that the details of the conference were so rudely exposed to the public eye, because of the peculiar significance of the chief figure as an office-holder, and of the very limited attendance of counselors. A more felicitous plan of conference, if a suggestion somewhat belated may be permitted, would have been to summon a representation of all the post-offices, custom-houses, and other national public offices in the State. Had that been done, the real spring and source and power of the movement for the Senator's nomination would have been revealed. For it is to the well-organized, strenuous, and persistent action of the office-holding interest in this State that Senator Conkling chiefly owes his chance for the nomination.

We are very far from saying that he has no other warm and admiring supporters, nor that Senator Conkling is not a man who may justly inspire warm admiration. But the fact remains that nowhere is the "machine" in more perfect order than in this State; nor is it surprising, for during the last six years there has been practically but one Republican Senator from New York. The "machine," largely controlling the party expression, has naturally been loyal to its chief. Yet it is undeniable that Mr. Conkling, without this very efficient support, could not possibly have carried the two-thirds of the State Convention which voted to present his name. Whatever may be truly asserted of his ability, it will not be claimed that he has had any other popularity among New York Republicans than that of a vague and distant admiration. If any one thinks that he is the Republican choice of New York in the sense that Seward was, it is because he does not remember. Mr. Seward, without an office at command, led the united Republican enthusiasm of the State. Mr. Conkling, with his hands dripping with patronage, is opposed as a candidate by multitudes of the very best men among his party associates. That opposition is not a cabal; it is not a conspiracy of "sore-heads;" it is not a "strike" of ambitious aspirants; it does not involve personal aspersions of Mr. Conkling nor of the motives of his supporters, except necessarily the office-holding interest. It certainly counts some who have felt and expressed admiration of his talents. It is an opposition, therefore, which must be well considered by our Republican friends in other States no less than by those in this State, who really understand it, however they may choose to represent it.

It is a true and not factious opposition, because it is founded upon the conviction that Mr. Conkling not only does not represent the principles upon which the Republican party can unquestionably and resistlessly carry the election, but that he is the especial, because the most seemly and plausible, representative of the spirit and practices which have discredited and weakened the party. There are undoubtedly incidents in his career which require explanation, such as his relation to the moiety business, and his appearance for the Central Railroad in a suit with the United States before a court and against a lawyer virtually of his own appointment. But these points have not been urged in the canvass for the nomination, because, whatever the explanation, it is not felt or believed that Mr. Conkling is a dishonorable man. But as this State is of very great importance in the electoral vote, as the opposition to his candidacy in the State is of such character and extent, as his support is so largely and notoriously due to the interested office-holding interest, as the fluctuating and independent vote is larger in New York than elsewhere, as the hearty union and enthusiasm of the party in the State are indispensable to success, and as a formal and reluctant support of any portion of the party and the total alienation of the floating vote would be probably fatal, the New York opponents of Mr. Conkling's nomination believe and confidently assert that he would not be a strong candidate. If the vote of New York be necessary to Republican success, the candidate must be a man who will be cordially accepted by all Republicans and by all who would prefer to vote with them. Nobody in the State of New York can seriously pretend that Mr. Conkling would be such a candidate.

Throughout the canvass for the nomination we have seen Mr. Conkling's candidacy urged because he was able, faithful, brilliant, gallant, proud, elevated, aggressive, a good friend, a stout and thorough partisan, and the steady advocate of the President; but we do not now recall a single claim in any respectable paper that he is the representative of the best sentiment of the party, or of the universal demand of the country for a return to old-fashioned principles and practices of political morality. The New York Republican of 1876 asks for a candidate who has shown his sympathy with the practical reform of abuses, and his want of sympathy with rings and machines, and he is told that Mr. Conkling stumped the State splendidly in 1872. He asks for a candidate whose career is evidence of a perception of the causes of the discredit of the party, and he is told that Mr. Conkling is a high-minded, able, and brilliant statesman, although the inquirer knows that he was a diligent supporter of the third term and of "Boss" Shepherd, and has not concealed his scorn of the sensationalism of the whiskey prosecutions. He asks for guarantees of greater purity of administration, and he is told that Mr. Conkling is of a proud and spotless character, although the inquirer can not recall a single occasion upon which the Senator's voice has been lifted in censure or warning against any one of the abuses or dangerous tendencies of his party.

Is it necessary to go beyond these facts, and such as these, to comprehend that the opposition to Mr. Conkling's nomination, as extremely and perilously unwise, may be sincere and patriotic? It is one of the weaknesses of those who call themselves practical politicians that they always omit the important consideration. Dr. Johnson, who did not shine as a politician, was of opinion that patriotism was a pretense and the last refuge of a scoundrel. It is not a sign of practical wisdom to agree with the doctor upon that point. Practical politicians may be able to tell how many votes they can buy, but they can not tell how many votes they can not buy. The desire for what is rather vaguely called reform is very deep and very stringent. It is sentimental, indeed, and so was the desire of independence a hundred years ago, so was the hostility to slavery, so was the devotion to the Union. Hamilton, as we show elsewhere, John Quincy Adams, Washington, Jay, were all, in this sense, sentimentalists. But the sentimentalists have always known what they wanted and the men who represented their wants. We oppose the nomination of Mr. Conkling as the Republican candidate because, in our judgment, it endangers the success of the Republican party, and therefore threatens the present welfare of the country.

SPEAKER KERR.

The morbid suspicion of the honesty of all public men, which has been as zealously fomented by the Democratic party as the stories of Titus Oates against the Catholics were propagated by the London Protestant mob, has borne its natural fruit. Charges of the meanest and most sordid bribery have been made against the chief Democratic officer in the country, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Kerr, who has always borne a spotless personal reputation. We hasten to say at once that as the story is told it is so improbable that, without further evidence, no candid man can attach the slightest weight to it as against the conceded character of the Speaker. The tale as told by Mr. Harney, a former Republican deputy door-keeper of the House, is that he bribed Mr. Kerr, a member from Indiana, with the sum of four hundred and fifty dollars, to procure the appointment of Mr. Green to a lieutenancy in the army. He gives every detail, down to the statement that Mr. Kerr came out of the House into the lobby and said that he would take the money then and there, upon which Harney pulled a package of bills from his pocket and gave it to him. Harney gives no explanation of his interest in Green, and does not allege that he was paid as the intermediary. His naked charge is that Mr. Kerr, a leading Democratic politician of unsullied character, and with every right to expect high promotion in his party, sold to a total stranger his character, his prospects, and the just pride of all who are dear to him, for four hundred and fifty dollars.

This is Harney's story, and it is simply incredible. It was seriously entertained only because the public and the Congressional mind have become morbid, and because of Republican willingness that the Democrats should be smeared with the same filth which they have so willingly and copiously heaped upon Republicans. As against the emphatic and absolute denial of Mr. Kerr, a man, as is conceded, of unstained character, this unsupported accusation should disappear as it would if brought against Secretary Fish or Mr. Wheeler. But it is the evil of universal suspicion that mere accusation is regarded as requiring other disproof than that of well-known character. We have seen it virtually stated in many quarters that Mr. Kerr must be considered guilty until he has established his innocence. But it is a wiser maxim of the law which holds every man, even the offender caught in the act of capital crime, to be innocent until proved to be guilty. Why should it be thought more probable that Mr. Kerr has received a bribe than that Harney has perjured himself?

It is thought to be remarkable that Mr. Kerr should have interested himself in the appointment of a New York Republican rather than of some Indiana Democrat. That is a fair subject of wonder, but the fact, if it be a fact, need not be assumed to involve his moral character. Nothing is more lamentable than the feeling that it may be true, with which every accusation is received against any man whatever. It shows that there is and has been great corruption and general laxity, and it emphasizes the necessity of thorough reform. The stories of Titus Oates against the Jesuits would not have been believed if the Jesuits had not shown themselves hostile to the peace of England, and charges of corruption would not so easily be entertained and accepted if the existence of corruption had not been established. Since the whiskey trials, and the District of Columbia revelations, and the indictment of Babcock, and the impeachment of Belknap, and the buying of a Senatorship by Barnum, and the exposure of Fitzhugh and other minor officers of the House, there has been a disposition to believe that even a report of smoke proves the existence of fire. But as against positive, not negative or unknown, character, it is the duty of every honest man to reject every unsupported imputation. The conduct of the Democratic investigations, indeed, has been such as to provoke retaliation. Their object has plainly been wholly partisan. The chief aim is to show Republican misconduct and increase the chance of Democratic success. The proceedings have been often secret, which may be desirable, upon condition that they are kept absolutely so. But fragments of testimony implicating public men have been published, and of course for the purpose of creating suspicion and hostile judgment. This, we say, has provoked retaliation.

But if, as is now alleged, the accusation of Harney was his Republican counter-plot against the Democratic action, it is thus far so clumsily executed as to have totally recoiled. Leveled at the chief Democrat by position in the country, if it fails utterly, it is from the mere party view a blunder worse than a crime, because it leaves the Democratic Speaker unscathed in the midst of the fire that consumes the Republican Secretary of War. The true party plan is not to try to prove that some Democrats are as great rascals as some Republicans, but to take care that Republicans shall be unassailable. When party contests become a sheer "nip and tuck" struggle between knaves, honest men step aside. Every effort that is made to show that this is the situation is a fatal blow at both parties. We can not speak for Democrats, but we know that there are multitudes of Republicans who do not propose that the party claim to public confidence shall be that the Democratic party is quite as bad as the Republican.

REPUBLICAN DUTY.

It is not seriously disputed that the popular issue in the election of this year will be administrative reform. Opinions may differ as to the exact significance of the phrase, and as to the practicable extent of reform; but there is no difference of opinion as to the fact of the popular feeling and demand. The opposition party, of course, always demands change, and means by reform its own success. The Democratic party is united in asserting that the purification of politics, the restoration of political character, the proper observance of the amended Constitution, honest regard for the public faith, and a sincere practical recognition of the equal rights of all citizens in the Southern States are results to be expected only from the ascendency of the party which has shown its devotion to them during the last two years by the Senatorial elections of Messrs. Eaton, Cockrell, Wallace, and Barnum; by its organization of the House of Representatives; by its campaigns in Ohio and Pennsylvania last year, and by its Ohio platform and nomination this year; by the White League and Regulator organizations in the Southern States; and by the declared hostility of conspicuous Democratic leaders in New York to the nomination of Governor Tilden, who is the only Democrat with any reputation for "reform." In the light of unquestioned facts, nothing can well be more ludicrous than the solemn assertion that the Democratic is the party of reform. It is not easy to conceive that any body really believes that the results of the war would be more surely defended, the civil service in any degree purified, the prospect of obtaining sound currency improved, the tone of political morality elevated, or any thing that is meant by administrative reform secured by the return of the Democratic party to the control of the government.

Yet it is equally indisputable that great numbers of voters throughout the country who deeply distrust the Democratic party are of opinion that it is wiser to take the risk of Democratic success than to acquiesce without a struggle in a Republican victory which would promise an indefinite continuance of methods and courses which honest men deplore, and which intelligent men know to be full of peril to the government itself. No one who does not perceive this can accurately understand the situation. Those who think that nothing is necessary for Republican success but the nomination of a man who has never been proved to be a thief or to have been concerned in questionable transactions are dangerous counselors at this time. We do not say that any Republican party candidate could not be elected. But we say that against a proper Republican party candidate no Democrat whatever could be elected. There are Republicans whose nomination would so chill and discourage the better party sentiment that success would instantly become doubtful, because at best the support of a part of that better element would be lost, and that of another part would be mere protesting acquiescence. There are other Republicans whose names would be a battle cry of sensible, practical reform, inspiring sincere enthusiasm and making victory sure. Can there be any question, then, of the true policy of the Cincinnati Convention? Can there be any doubt whatever that it should nominate a sound, antislavery, loyal, recognized Republican, true in all things upon which Republicans are now and have always been agreed, and who is also known as no less courageously devoted to the kind of reform that Republicans now demand? He must be as strong upon the issues of to-day as upon those of yesterday.

It has been said that such a candidate could not have the hearty support of the "machinery" of the party, that the office-holding and personal interests which every where control the organization would be cool and inactive in the canvass, and that

without their aid success is hopeless. We do not deny, no man practically familiar with politics can doubt, the great power of what is popularly known as "the machine." There is a great deal of ignorant and flippant sneering at it. Yet parties can be made available only by thorough organization, constant care and devotion, and great expenditure of time and money. Those who talk lightly of forming "a new party" have usually very little political experience, and weaken their own counsel. In the days of TWEED's reckless triumph one of his henchmen defiantly declared in a public speech at Tammany Hall that of course the Democratic party was governed by a ring, because every party was so governed. He went on to say that he meant a ring of the most sagacious and intelligent. But the truth was and is, and his hearers understood it, that the ring or the machine does not represent the intelligence, the sagacity, the character, and purpose of the party, but its selfish and personal interests; and one of its worst evils is that its great power constantly tends to demoralize the party by showing political aspirants that the way to success lies not in honest and able public service, but in servility to the wishes and plans of "the machine." This is the secret of the timidity that so often paralyzes in party politics men who really prefer upright and generous courses. A man may wish, for instance, to be his party candidate for office. He knows that to be nominated he must secure a friendly Convention; and he also knows that to secure that, he must not break with the managers who control the primaries and conventions. But the condition of not breaking is to favor their general action, and thus "the machine" becomes more and more powerful.

If, now, in the present political situation it should be urged, as a reason for not nominating a Republican candidate of the kind that we have described, that he would not be supported by the machine, every Republican who thinks for himself would see at once that the machine had abandoned the interest of the party and the cause it represents. It could not make such an argument against the kind of nomination that we describe without treachery to its own cherished doctrine of party fidelity. The reply is that it would not argue, but act, and "cover its tracks." But the answer to that reply is that dearly as the machine loves its power, it loves its place more. It would prefer its own candidate, and would press him in every way; but if it were defeated, it would still actively support the candidate it did not wish, because his defeat would be the defeat of the party, and party success is indispensable to the objects of the machine. The machine in New York, for instance, is warmly favorable to Mr. CONKLING. But if he were not nominated, it would hardly carry its chagrin so far as to compass or connive at the defeat of the party in the country. This conduct was, indeed, alleged against it in the election of 1874 in this State. But the defeat of that year was due quite as much to distrust of the machine as to its own indifference.

The prospect of the campaign of this year has not changed since it was seriously opened in the contest for the nomination. As against the absurdly hollow claims of the Democratic party to be a party of reform, the Republican nomination would determine the election. Nothing could possibly be gained by the election of such a reformer as Mr. TILDEN, as against that of a reforming Republican, for any Democrat whatever would come in with his voracious party headed by the HAMBLETONS, and FITZHUGHS at his heels, mad for place and plunder, and full of a vague purpose of reprisal and revenge for the long Republican dominance. Such a result would be a catastrophe which it is not pleasant to contemplate. Yet it would be made more probable by a mere machine nomination at Cincinnati than by any other Republican blunder.

THE LATE HOLIDAY.

IT is now clear that Decoration-day will become a permanent, as it is a most significant, holiday. The impression that it was due to a natural but transitory emotion, and must presently become obsolete, has been corrected by experience, and the observance this year shows how sincere a hold the day has upon the popular heart. Nor is this surprising. Every new holiday is welcome in an overbusy community, and this is of a character which appeals especially to the imagination and the heart. It falls in the lovely season of the year when the earth itself is decorated and the air is full of music, and it is amidst the universal renewal of life in nature and in man that a day is consecrated to the memory of those who nobly surrendered that life that the rest might enjoy it. This is the obvious sentiment of the day, and of this the offering of flowers is the tender and apt symbol. It is not to be supposed, therefore, that the observance will be discontinued when the present generation, including the surviving soldiers of the war, passes away. It is the feast of a national and enduring gratitude. It is the recognition by the living nation of the devotion that saved the national life.

One of the most interesting aspects of Decoration-day is that it is peculiarly the memorial of the common soldier, of the rank and file. In the general remembrance and account of the war it is the great captains, the famous chiefs and heroes, who are mentioned. But the flowers of Decoration-day fall upon the hosts of unnamed graves, and recall the unrecorded bravery of the ranks. The traditions of the war are full of individual incidents of a self-sacrifice and heroism which no story of PHILIP SIDNEY surpasses, and the day reminds us that these unnamed graves hold those who made the will of the great captains effective, and won the happy victory. Those who feel that we have fallen upon peculiarly evil days, and that the other end of the Centennial epoch monopolizes all the noble exhibitions of national character, may well remember, as they see the universal and beautiful homage of Decoration-day to the service and sacrifice of the Union soldiers, that the Revolutionary soldiers had no such grateful recognition. The officers were obliged, by the indifference of the Continental Congress, to consider whether they would not retain the soldiers under arms until their arrears of wages were paid, and WASHINGTON himself did not conceal his sympathy with his soldiers and his regret at the conduct of Congress. When at last the heroic good sense which had carried the army through the war prevailed, and it disbanded quietly, the soldiers who had given all and secured independence received little more reward than the muskets they held in their hand and certificates of a paper currency of which a thousand dollars would scarcely buy a loaf of bread. Certainly the gratitude of the country to the later soldiers is more eagerly and profusely shown, and those who served in the army of the Union, and who still survive, are not suffered to feel, as the men of the Revolutionary army were made to feel, the neglect and cruel forgetfulness of their fellow-citizens.

But the larger significance of the day is that it is a feast of reconciliation as well as of remembrance. This is the tone of all the most significant memorial speeches, but it is a tone that need not be misapprehended. It implies no doubt of the essential justice of the Union cause, nor any relaxation in the purpose of faithfully maintaining every principle and policy that the great victory established. It does not mean that a radical and fatal difference interwoven with the traditions, sentiments, social institutions, industrial organizations, and local pride of different parts of the country, then finally adjusted in a tremendous, prolonged, and desperate shock of arms, will not leave scars and freshly opening and bleeding wounds for many a day. But it is a festival of reconciliation in this, that as memory, softened and subdued, is turned to the struggle, and the root of bitterness is removed, the feeling of each part of the country for its dead will inevitably draw the living more closely together, until it will be seen at last that the cause which conquered was the common cause, while the valor that withstood it was not less steady and sincere than that which maintained it. Reconciliation is not denial, or repentance, or surrender. It will not come swiftly nor suddenly, but it will come. Mr. GREELEY's "shaking hands over the bloody chasm" was an unfortunate phrase in every way, because hands can not be heartily shaken while the chasm is still bloody. Nothing but the practical perception that the national victory was a common gain will ever really reconcile the sections that differed and fought. But that is a result which will surely come. Hot and angry speeches on either side can not seriously perplex its coming, and nothing will more surely tend perfectly to complete the victory which the boys in blue won also for the boys in gray than the mutual and beautiful commemoration of Decoration-day.

PERSONAL.

MR. GEORGE M. D. BLOSS, who was killed a few days since by a locomotive, while walking on the railroad at his residence near Cincinnati, had for many years been a leading editorial writer on the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and was known throughout the journalistic world as a man remarkably well up in all kinds of statistics. It was one of his peculiarities that he wrote the most illegible hand of any man in the United States, far surpassing in that particular the late HORACE GREELEY.

—They will keep poking fun at that Dr. LORING, who has the habit of always being a candidate for nomination for Governor of Massachusetts. Recently, at some sort of celebration at Marblehead, a minister took occasion to introduce his little son in this way, "Let me introduce you to Dr. LORING, and mind that you look him in the face so as to remember him, for you may vote for him for Governor one of these days." The doctor eyed the child with a rueful gaze, and quickly replied, "Good heavens! have I got to wait till then?"

—Professor MOMMSEN glows with delight at having discovered, at Arpino, Italy, the birthplace of CAIUS MARIUS, several hitherto unknown inscriptions relating to that Roman general, and also other inscriptions of the period of the Roman Republic.

—The Brazilian Emperor's son-in-law Prince LOUIS AUGUSTUS, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, arrived here last week, to see his estimable father-in-law, and see what's to be seen at the Centennial and "towns 'round."

—Madame ANNA SHEIPLER, who arrived from Germany last week, was sent hither by the Empress of Germany to examine the manner of conducting charitable institutions in this country, and to see if we have any thing that can be adopted by them with advantage.

—Dr. WILLIAM STEVENS PERRY, who has just been elected Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Iowa, was only a few weeks ago elected president of Hobart College, Geneva. The lawn has its attractions, and he will probably take Iowa.

—President GILMAN, of the Johns Hopkins University, addressed the young people of Baltimore a few evenings since in the Academy of Music. He gave a comparison between CÆSAR's gift of his gardens, baths, etc., to the Romans, and JOHNS HOPKINS's gift to the Baltimoreans. He said JOHNS HOPKINS's gift would bring incalculable benefits in its train; it was a gift to every household, to every deserving man, and its good results would be experienced not only by those who came to this university, but by every thing with which they might be connected in after-life. There has never been a case in Christendom before, he said, of a university's starting under such auspicious circumstances. President GILMAN also remarked that the first applicant for admission to the university was a young man of *fifty* years of age, who wished to brush up his mathematics, and was attracted to this institution by the fame of Professor SYLVESTER.

—Dr. MARCY, the physician to the late ALEXANDER T. STEWART, has received from Mrs. STEWART, as an appreciation of his services, the exquisite picture by COL known as "Spring," or "The Swing." It cost $6000, and Mr. STEWART had refused twice that sum for it. It was one of the gems of his gallery.

—Captain WEBB, who may fairly be called a Webb-footed man, is to be made happy by a testimonial of $20,000 cash, which has been collected by those who are proud of his exploits.

—Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE has just sent a check for $100 gold to add to the Indigent Fund of Union College, Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Professor TYNDALL has had the felicity of receiving a purse of $1600 from the members of the Royal Institution on the occasion of his marriage.

—Mr. BROOKS ADAMS, a son of CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, will read the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July at Boston. An appropriate duty, for although the Declaration was written by JEFFERSON, the great battle on its adoption was mainly and successfully fought by JOHN ADAMS in a three days' debate in Congress. To JOHN ADAMS was also due the honor of having proposed WASHINGTON as commander-in-chief of the army.

—It is impossible to predict where this coaching mania will lead us to. From the coach box to the church porch seems an easy, though hitherto unusual, descent. Sir THOMAS BARRETT LENNARD, Bart., of Belhus, England, has been elected by the parishioners of Aveley to be clerk and sexton of his parish. The worthy baronet offered himself for the post. The vestry also nominated a deputy, and Sir THOMAS has confirmed the appointment. The English people are gratified to know that this result has at last been pleasantly consummated. The question remains in abeyance, Shall we have deputy coachmen?

—We are to have another book of agreeable gossip. Sir HENRY TAYLOR, the poet and essayist, is writing his recollections, and as he has, by virtue of his position under government (he is one of the chief permanent officials at the Colonial Office), as well as through his writings, mixed in the best society, he ought to be able to give much interesting information about the people he has met during the seventy-six years of his life.

—The home of Mrs. LEWES is near Regent's Park, London. The house is a plain square two-story dwelling, covered with clustering vines and clambering roses, which give it an air of taste and beauty. On Sunday evening she opens her house to her friends. These Sunday receptions are, indeed, almost the only opportunities society has of enjoying her presence, since the labors and exertions consequent upon her long literary life have told severely upon her health, and she is unequal to the task of going very generally into the social world. Six hours of the day she is at her desk. But this time is spent upon the mere manual labor of transcribing her thoughts upon paper; for, according to Mr. EDMUND YATES, so thoroughly does she think out her books, even to the structure of her sentences, before she begins to write them, that her manuscript displays scarcely an erasure or an alteration.

—Two of the young tigers which the Prince of Wales brought home from India in the war steamer *Raleigh* were christened by the sailors "Moody" and "Sankey."

—TURGENIEFF, the Russian story writer, now sixty-five, is living in Paris. He was long ago banished from Russia for writing against the nobility, but when the edict was revoked, he had no wish to return. Liked Paris best.

—Notwithstanding the Queen is the titular head of the Church of England, she has, in her usual independent and somewhat heretical way, written a letter to the General Assembly of Scotland inclosing a gift of $10,000.

—ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS is much improved in health, and able to move round the room. He is confident that with the return of warm weather he will be able to go into the open air, and will fully regain his health.

—Mr. BASS, M.P., the man of ale, has given $40,000 for a free library and museum at Derby.

—One of the most liberal and public-spirited men in England is Sir TITUS SALT, who has just founded two scholarships, each of the value of $600, in connection with the Bradford Grammar School, and two scholarships, each of the value of $500, in connection with the Bradford Girls' Grammar School. Sunday-schools erected by Sir TITUS at a cost of more than $45,000 were, a few days since, presented formally to the Congregational church at Saltaire.

—Captain RALPH CHANDLER, of the United States navy, has received a letter of thanks from Prince BISMARCK for valuable services rendered by him to the German expedition while he was in command of the *Swatara* on her transit of Venus expedition.

—The present chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives, and leader of the House, Colonel MORRISON, turns out to be a wag. Judge BAKER, of Alton, Illinois, a delegate to the Cincinnati Convention, an old personal friend of Colonel M.'s, relates the following anecdote, which has so much point that it will be appreciated: In 1857 MORRISON, then quite a young man, was elected Speaker of the Lower House of the Legislature. During the winter Judge BAKER was in Springfield on business before the Supreme Court. Meeting the young legislator one day, Judge BAKER said, "What sort of a Legislature have you got this year, MORRISON?" "Well, HAL," was the reply, "you can judge what sort of a Legislature it is that would elect me Speaker!"

—Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY, at a recent festival gathering in London, gave some interesting anecdotes of an American who conceived the notion that SHAKSPEARE's plays were never written by him. A lady so pressed her claims upon a well-known American poet that he was prevailed upon to write a letter of recommendation to THOMAS CARLYLE, who replied in a note full of pith and brevity:

"DEAR SIR,—Your woman is mad.
"Yours, T. CARLYLE."

—Dr. BARTOL, of Boston, a gentleman of somewhat radical views, has been preaching a sermon on reporters and reporting, and favors the process. "The reporter," saith the doctor, "is a photographer. But the sun may slur or distort; and who of us ever thought his own picture handsome enough, or his idea fitly represented? But these invisible observers and listeners have no personal favor, no personal or sectarian bias. There is no bribe to take or axe to grind. They pass up the exact record, nothing added or left out. They are but our proxies and servants; for in all our action and speech we are reporting ourselves, and, however we wish, are no more able to question the register than a man to deny his own signature. The judgment-day is our autobiography."

—Mr. R. D. HAWLEY, of Hartford, Connecticut, has recently purchased the remarkable violin known to connoisseurs as the "King Joseph," the handsomest and most perfect of the violins of JOSEPH GUARNERIUS. This violin was the gem of the celebrated PLOWDEN collection in England, which became dispersed by sale upon the death of Mr. PLOWDEN, and has been for the past eight years in the possession of Mr. JOHN P. WATERS, of Brooklyn, New York, from whom Mr. HAWLEY bought it on private terms. Upon the testimony of VIEUXTEMPS, the eminent violinist, who is well acquainted with its merits, the "King Joseph" is not only in perfect condition, but has the richest and most powerful tone known to violin critics. It is of the same pattern as the PAGANINI "Guarnerius," which has been kept since PAGANINI's death in the museum at Genoa, Italy. M. VIEUXTEMPS, who has played upon both instruments, says that the "King Joseph" has the finest tone of the two—a circumstance which may be attributable to the fact that the PAGANINI violin has not been played upon since his death, except upon very rare occasions, when it has been permitted as a special favor to distinguished artists. The "King Joseph" was sold in England for £700 sterling—the highest price ever known to have been paid for a violin.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The Senate, on the 29th ult., resolved, by a majority of eight, that it has jurisdiction in the Belknap impeachment case. This decision was formally announced on the 1st inst., whereupon Mr. Carpenter, for the accused, pleaded for delay, and an adjournment was ordered until the 6th.—No session was held on the 30th ult., it being Decoration-day.—The Senate, on the 31st ult., passed the Japanese Indemnity Bill, with amendments. The House, on the 31st, unseated Mr. Morey, the Republican member from Louisiana, and declared William B. Spencer, Democrat, entitled to the place.—Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, on the 1st, introduced a bill authorizing the construction of bridges on the Kill von Kull by the Staten Island and New Jersey Suspension-bridge and Railroad Company. Referred to Committee on Commerce. An invitation to the United States to participate in the Universal Exposition at Paris, in 1878, was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The Army Reduction Bill was passed by the House, on the 1st, by 120 to 82 votes.

Several State Conventions were held during the week for the selection of delegates to the National Conventions, as follows: On the 31st ult., Louisiana Republican, recommended Senator Morton for the Presidency; Iowa Republican, resolved in favor of Blaine; Virginia Conservative, electors, delegates, and State Committee chosen, but no resolutions; Maryland Democratic, no preference expressed; Alabama Democratic, Governor G. S. Houston renominated; Tennessee Democratic, Hendricks preferred, and delegates instructed to vote as a unit with their majority. On the 1st inst., Vermont Democratic, William H. Bingham nominated for Governor, and delegates instructed for Tilden; Missouri Democratic, delegates uninstructed (attempt made to read a resolution instructing for Hendricks, but not allowed); Minnesota Democratic, Tilden indorsed by a vote of 125 to 74.

The reduction in the public debt for the month of May was $4,617,515, and for the eleven months ending May 31 nearly $25,500,000, or twice as great as the reduction for the preceding fiscal year.

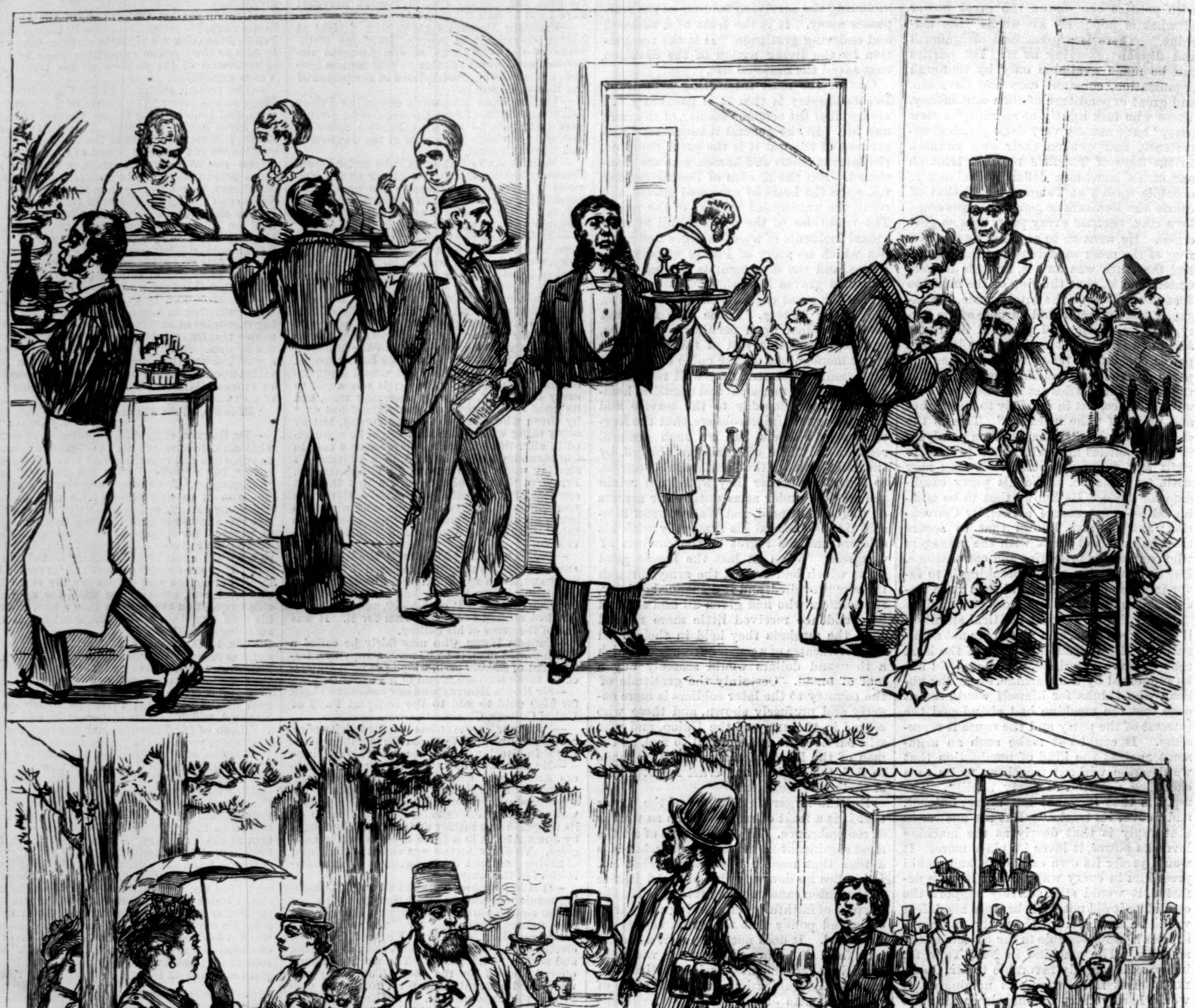
Forty-nine members of Captain Stone's company of Cincinnatians, *en route* to the Black Hills, were recently massacred by the Indians.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ABDUL-AZIZ, who had been Sultan of Turkey since 1861, was deposed by his ministers on the 29th ult., and his nephew, Murad Effendi, the heir-presumptive, was immediately proclaimed Sultan. Matters were brought to extremity by the Sultan's absolute refusal to advance money from his privy purse to the exhausted war treasury; whereupon the Sheik-ul-Islam, in the presence of all the ministers, informed the Sultan that the people were dissatisfied with his government, and he was therefore deposed. Directly afterward the Sultan and his mother were conducted to the Topkapao Palace, where they are now confined.

A large fire occurred in Quebec on the 30th ult. It started on Scott Street, St. Louis Suburb, and raged for nine hours, burning nearly 500 houses, valued at $800,000. It is supposed to have been caused by children playing with matches.

Fifteen cities in the province of Hupeh, China, are in open rebellion against the emperor.



THE CENTENNIAL—A TOUR THROUGH THE RESTAURANTS.—DRAWN BY REGAMEY.—[SEE PAGE 490.]

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Good Stories of Man and Other Animals.

By CHARLES READE.

I.—THE KNIGHT'S SECRET.

Thomas Erpingham was knighted by Henry the Fourth for good and valiant service.

This Sir Thomas Erpingham, Knight of the Garter, afterward fought by the side of Henry the Fifth in his French wars, and was made Warden of the Cinque Ports, but retired to Norwich, his native place. He married a beautiful, pious lady, and after a turbulent career and the horrors of war, desired to end his days in charity. Being wealthy, and of one mind, he and Lady Erpingham built a goodly church in the city, and also erected and endowed a religious house for twelve monks and a prior close to the Knight's house, and parted only by a high wall.

But though the retired soldier wished to be at peace with all men, two of his friars were of another mind: Friar John and Friar Richard hated each other, and could by no means be reconciled; neither had ever a good word for t'other; and at last Friar John gave Friar Richard a fair excuse for his invectives. Lady Erpingham came ever to matins in the convent, and Friar John would always await her coming, and attend her through the cloister, with ducks and cringes and open adulation; whereat she smiled, being, in truth, a most innocent lady, affable to all, and slow to think ill of any man.

But Richard denounced John as a licentious monk; and some watched and whispered; others rebuked Richard; for it was against the monastic rule to put an ill construction where the matter might be innocent.

But Richard stood his ground; and, unfortunately, Richard was right. Misunderstanding the lady's courtesy and charity, Brother John thought his fawning advances were encouraged, and this bred in him such impudence that one day he sent her a fulsome love-letter, and had the hardihood to beg for a private interview.

The lady, when she opened this letter, could hardly believe her senses; and at last, as gentlewomen will be both unsuspicious and suspicious in the wrong place, she made up her mind that the poor, good, ridiculous friar could never have been so wicked as to write this; nay, but it was her husband's doing, and a trial of her virtue: he was older than herself, and great love is oft tainted with jealousy.

This brought tears into her eyes, to think she should be doubted; but soon anger dried them, and she took occasion to put the letter suddenly into Sir Thomas's hand, and fixed her eyes on him so keenly that if there had been a flaw in his conjugal armor, no doubt those eyes had pierced it.

The Knight read the letter, and turned black and white with rage; his eyes sparkled with fury, and he looked so fearful that the lady was very sorry she had shown him the letter, and begged him not to take a madman's folly to heart.

"Not take it to heart!" said he. "What! these beggarly shavelings that I have housed and fed, and so lessened my estate and thine—they would corrupt thee, and rob me of my one earthly treasure! Sit thou down and write."

"Write—Thomas—what?—to whom?"

"Do as I bid thee, dame," said he, sternly, "and no more words."

Those were days when husbands commanded and wives obeyed; so she sat down, trembling, and took the pen.

Then he made her write a letter back to the friar, and say she compassionated his love, and her husband was to ride toward London that night, and her servant, on whom she could depend, should admit him to her by a side door of the house.

Friar John, at the appointed time, took care to be in the town, for he knew the lay brother who kept the gate of the priory would not let him out so late. He came to the side door, and was admitted by a servant of the Knight, a reckless old soldier, who cared for neither man nor devil, as the saying is, but only for his master. This man took him into a room and left him, then went for the Knight: he was not far off. Now the unlucky monk, being come to the conquest of a beautiful lady, as he vainly thought, had fine linen on, and perfumed like a civet. The Knight smelled these perfumes, and rushed in upon him with his man, like dogs upon the odoriferous fox, and, in a fury, without giving him time to call for help or to say one prayer, strangled him, and left him dead.

But Death breeds calm; the Knight's rage abated that moment, and he saw he had done a foul and remorseless deed. He would have given half his estate to bring the offender back to life. Half his estate? His whole estate, ay, and his life, were now gone from him: they were forfeited to the law. So did he pass from rage to remorse, and from remorse to fear. The rough soldier, seeing him so stricken, made light of all, except the danger of discovery. "Come, noble Sir," said he, "let us bestir ourselves and take him back to the priory, and there bestow him; so shall we ne'er be known in it."

Thus urged, the Knight roused himself, and he and his man brought the body out, and got it as far as the wall that did part the house from the monastery. Here they were puzzled a while, but the man remembered a short ladder in the back yard, that was high enough for this job. So they set the ladder, and, with much ado, got the body up it, and then drew the ladder up and set it again on the other side, and so, with infinite trouble, the soldier got him into the priory.

The next thing was to make it appear Friar John had died a natural death. Accordingly, he set him up on a rickety chair he found in the yard, balanced him, and left him; mounted the wall again, let himself down, and then dropped into the Knight's premises.

He found the Knight walking in great perturbation, and they went into the house.

"Now, good master," said this stout soldier, "go you to bed, and think no more on't."

"To bed," groaned the Knight, in agony. "Why should I go there? I can not sleep. Methinks I shall never sleep again."

"Then give me the cellar key, good Sir. I'll draw a stoup of Canary."

"Ay, wine!" said the Knight; "for my blood runs cold in my veins." The servant lighted a rousing fire in the dining-hall, and warmed and spiced some generous wine, after the fashion of the day, and there sat these two over the fire awaiting daylight and its revelations.

But, meantime, the night was fruitful in events. The prior, informed of Friar Richard's uncharitable interpretations, had condemned him to vigil and prayer on the bare pebbles of the yard, from midnight until three of the clock. But the sly Richard, at dusk, had conveyed a chair into the yard to keep his knees off the cold hard stones.

At midnight, when he came to his enforced devotions, lo, there sat a figure in the chair. He started, and took it for the prior, seated there to lecture him for luxury; but peeping, he soon discovered it was Friar John.

He walked round and round him, talking at him. "Is it Brother John or Brother Richard who is to keep vigil to-night? I know but one friar in all this house would sit star-gazing in his brother's chair, when that brother wants it to pray in," etc.

Brother John vouchsafed no reply; and this stung Brother Richard, and he burned for revenge. "So be it, then," said he, "since my place is taken, I will tell the prior, and keep vigil some other night." With this he retired, and slammed a door. But having thus disarmed, as he conceived, Brother John's suspicion, he took up an enormous pebble, and slipped back on tiptoe, and getting near the angle of a wall, he flung his great pebble at Brother John, and slipped hastily behind the wall; nevertheless, as he hid, he had the satisfaction of seeing his pebble, which weighed about a stone, strike Brother John on the nape of the neck, and then there was a lumping noise and a great clatter, and Friar Richard chuckled with pride and delight at the success of his throw. However, he waited some minutes before he emerged, and then walked briskly out, like a newcomer. There lay John flat, and the chair upset. Brother Richard ran to him, charged with hypocritical sympathy, and found his enemy's face very

THE DEAD MONK CHASES THE LIVING.

THE CENTENNIAL—THE TUNISIAN CAFÉ AND BAZAR.—Drawn by I. P. Pranishnikoff.—[See Page 490.]

white. He got alarmed, and felt his heart: he was stone-dead.

The poor monk, whose hatred was of a mere feminine sort, and had never been deadly, was seized with remorse, and he beat his breast, and prayed in earnest, instead of repeating Paternosters, "preces sine mente dictas," as the great Erasmus calls them.

But other feelings soon succeeded: his enmity to the deceased was well known, and this would be called murder, if the body was found in that yard; and his own life would pay the forfeit.

Casting his eyes round for a place where he might hide the body, he saw a ladder standing against the wall. This surprised him; but he was in no condition to puzzle over small riddles. Terror gave him force: he lifted the body, crawled up the ladder, and placed the body on the wall—it was wider than they build now—then he drew up the ladder, set it on the other side, and took his ghastly load down safely. Then, being naturally cunning and having his neck to save, he went and hid the ladder, took up the body, staggered with it as far as the porch of the Knight's house, and set it there bolt-upright against one of the pillars.

As he carried it out of the yard he heard a window in the Knight's house open. He could not see where the window was, nor whether he was watched and recognized; but he feared the worst, and such was his terror, he resolved to fly the place and bury himself in some distant monastery under another name.

But how? He was lame, and could not go ten miles in a day, whereas a hundred miles was little enough to make him secure.

After homicide, theft is no great matter: he resolved to borrow the maltster's mare, and turn her adrift when she had carried him beyond the hue and cry. So he went and knocked up the maltster, and told him the convent wanted flour, and he was to go betimes to the miller for a sack thereof. Now the convent was a good customer to the maltster; so he lent Friar Richard the mare at a word, and told him where to find the saddle and bridle.

Richard fed the mare for a journey and saddled her; then he mounted and rode at a foot's pace past the convent, meaning to go quietly through the town, making no stir, then away like the wind.

But, as he paced by the Knight's house, he cast a look ascaunt to see if that ghastly object still sat in the porch.

No, the porch was empty.

What might that mean? Had he come to life? Had the murder been discovered? He began to wonder and tremble.

While he was in this mood there was a great clatter behind him of horse's feet and clashing armor, and he felt he was pursued.

The Knight and his man sat together, drinking hot spiced wine and awaiting daylight. The Knight would not go to bed, yet he wanted a change. "Will daylight never come?" said he.

"'Twill be here anon," said the soldier; "in half an hour."

The Knight said no, it would never come.

The soldier said he would go and look at the sky, and tell him for certain.

"Be not long away," said the Knight, with a shiver, "or the dead friar will be taking thy place here and pledging me."

"Stuff!" said the soldier; "he'll never trouble you more."

With this he marched out to consult the night, and almost ran against the dead friar seated in the porch, white and glaring; this was too much even for the iron soldier; he uttered a sharp yell, staggered back, and burst into the room, gasping for breath. He got close to his master, and stammered out, "The dead man!—sitting in the porch!"—and crossed himself energetically, the first time these thirty years.

The Knight stared and trembled: and so they drew close together, with their eyes over their shoulders.

"Wine!" cried the Knight.

"Ay," said the soldier; "but I go not alone. He'll be squatting on the cask else."

So they went together to the cellar, often looking round, and fetched two bottles.

They drank them out, and the good wine, falling upon more of the sort, made them madder and bolder. They rolled along, holding on by one another, to the porch, and there they stood and looked at the dead friar, and shuddered.

But the soldier swore a great oath, and vowed he should not stay there to get them hanged. Thereupon a furious fit of recklessness succeeded to their terror: they got a suit of rusty armor and fastened it on the body; then they saddled an old war-horse that was kept in the stable as a reminiscence, and tied the friar's body on to him with many cords; they opened the stable door and pricked the old war-horse with their daggers that he clattered out into the road with a bound and a great rattling of rusty armor.

Now as ill luck would have it, Friar Richard and his borrowed mare were pacing demurely through the town scarce fifty yards ahead. The old horse nosed the mare, and, being left to choose his road, took very naturally after her; but when he got near her the monk looked round and saw the ghastly rider. He gave a yell so piercing it waked the whole street, and, for lack of spurs, drove his bare heels into the mare's side: she cantered down the street at an easy pace, the fearful pageant cantered after, the friar kept turning and yelling, and the windows kept opening and heads popped out to see, and by-and-by doors opened and a few early risers joined in the pursuit, wondering and curious.

The cavalcade never cleared the town of Norwich; the friar, in the blindness of despair, turned his mare up what seemed to him an open lane; but there was no exit; his dead pursuer came up with him, and he threw himself off, and cried, "Mercy! mercy! mea culpa!—I confess it—I confess it! only take that horrible face from me!" and in his despair he owned that he had slain Brother John.

Then some led the horse and his ghastly load away, and wondered sore; but others hauled Friar Richard to justice; and he, believing it was a miracle, and Heaven's hand upon him, persisted in his confession, and was cast into prison to abide his trial.

He had not to wait long. In those days the law did not tarry for judges of assize to come round the country now and then. Each town had its mayor and its aldermen, any one of whom could try and hang a man if need was. So Friar Richard was tried next week.

By this time he had somewhat recovered his spirits and his love of life: he defended himself, and said that indeed he had slain his brother, but it was by misadventure; he had thrown a stone at him in some anger, but not to do him deadly harm. This he said with many tears. But, on the other hand, it was proved that he had long hated Brother John; that he had got out of the priory without passing the door, and had borrowed the maltster's mare on a false pretense; and finally, marks of strangulation had been found on the dead man's throat. All this amazed and overpowered the poor friar, and although his terror at the apparition was not easily to be reconciled with his having been the person who tied the body on the horse, and though one alderman, shrewder than the rest, said he thought a great deal lay behind that, yet, upon the whole, it was thought the safest and most usual course to hang him. So he was condemned to die—in three days' time.

The friar, seeing his end so near, struggled no more against his fate. He sent for the prior to confess him, and told the truth with deep sorrow and humility: "Mea culpa! mea culpa!" he cried. "If I had not hated my brother and broken our rule, then this had not come upon me."

Then the prior gave him full absolution, and went away exceeding sorrowful, and doubting the wisdom and justice of laymen, and in particular of those who were about to hang Brother Richard for willful murder. This preyed upon his mind, and he went to Sir Thomas Erpingham to utter his misgivings, and pray the good Knight to work upon the sheriff, who was his friend, for a respite until the matter could be looked into more closely.

The Knight was not at home, but my lady saw the prior, and learned his errand. "Alas, good father," said she, "Sir Thomas is not here; he is gone to London this two days."

The prior went home sick at heart.

Even so long ago as this they hung from Norwich Castle. So the rude gallows was put up at seven o'clock, and at eight Brother Richard must hang and turn in the wind like a weather-cock.

But before that fatal hour a King's messenger galloped into the city and spurred into the court-yard of the castle. Very soon the sheriff was reading a parchment signed by the King's own hand: the gallows was taken down, and the people dispersed by degrees. Some felt ill used. They thought appointments should be kept, or else not made.

At night Friar Richard, not reprieved, but, to the amazement of smaller functionaries, freely pardoned by his sovereign, in a handwriting a house-maid of this day would blush for, but with a glorious seal the size of an apple-fritter, crept forth into the night, and, gliding along the streets with his head down, slipped into the priory, and was lost to the world for many a long day. Indeed, he was confined to his cell for a month by order of the prior, and ordered to pray thrice a day for the soul of Brother John.

When Brother Richard emerged from his cell he was a changed man. He had gathered, amidst the thorns of tribulation, the wholesome fruit of humility and the immortal flower of charity. Henceforth no bitter word ever fell from his lips, though for a time he had many provocations, and "Honi soit qui mal y pense" was the rule of his heart. He made himself of little account, and outlived all enmities. He lived much in his cell, and prayed so often for the soul of Brother John that at last he got to love him dead whom he had hated living.

Time rolled on. The Knight's hair turned gray, and the good prior died.

Then there was a great commotion in the little priory, and three or four of the leading friars each hoped to be prior.

That appointment lay with Sir Thomas Erpingham. He attended the funeral of the late prior, and then desired the sub-prior to convene the monks. "Good brothers," said he, "your prior is Brother Richard. I pray you to invest him forthwith, and yield him due love and obedience."

The Knight retired, and the monks stared at each other a while, and then obeyed, since there was no help for it: they invested Brother Richard in due form; and such is the magic of station that, in one moment, they began to look on him with different eyes.

The new prior bore his dignity so meekly that he disarmed all hostility. His great rule of life was still "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and there is no course more apt to conciliate respect and good-will. The Knight showed him favor and esteem; the monks learned to respect and by-and-by to revere him: but he never ceased to reproach himself, and say masses for the soul of Brother John.

The years rolled on. The Knight's gray hair turned white; and one day he sent for the prior, and said to him, "Good father, I have grave matter to entertain you withal."

"Speak, worshipful Sir," said the prior.

The Knight looked at him a while, but seemed ill at ease, and as one that hath resolved to speak, but is loath to begin. At last he said, "Sir, there be men that waste their goods in sin, or meanly hoard them till their last hour, yet leave them freely to Mother Church after their death, when they can no longer enjoy them. Others there be whose breasts are laden with a secret crime they ought to confess, and clear some worthy man suspected falsely; yet they will not tell till they come to die. Methinks this is to be charitable too late, and just when justice can neither cost a man aught nor profit his neighbor. Therefore, not to be one of these, I will reveal to you now a deed that sits heavy on my conscience."

"You would confess to me, my son?"

"As man to man, Sir, but not as penitent to his confessor; for that were no merit in me: it would be no more than bury my secret in a fleshly grave. Nay, what I tell to you, you shall tell to all the world, if good may come of it."

Here the Knight sighed, and seemed much distempered, like one who wrestleth with himself. Then he cast about how he should begin, and to conclude he opened the matter thus: "Sir, please you read that letter; it was writ by Brother John unto my wife."

The prior read it, but said never a word.

"Sir," said the Knight, "do you remember a sad time when you lay in Norwich jail accused of murder, and cast for death?"

"I do remember it well, Sir, and the uncharitable heart that brought me to that pass."

"While you lay there, Sir, something befell elsewhere, which I will hide no longer from you. The King being at his palace in London, a Knight who had fought by his side in France sought an audience in private. It was granted him at once. Then the Knight fell on his knees to the King, and begged that his life and lands might be spared, though he had slain a man in heat of blood. The King was grave but gentle, and then I showed him that letter, and owned the truth, that I and my servant, in our fury, had strangled that hapless monk."

"Alas! Sir, did you take my guilt upon yourself to save my life, so fully forfeit? 'Twas I who hated him; 'twas I who flung the stone."

"At a dead body. I tell thee, man, we strangled him, and set his body up where you saw it: hand in his death you had none."

The prior uttered a strange cry, and was silent. The Knight continued, in a low voice:

"We set him in the yard; and when we found him in the porch, being half mad with terror and drink together, we bound him on the horse and launched him. All this I told the King, and he, considering the provocation, and pitying too much his old companion in arms, gave me my life and lands, and gave me thine, which, indeed, was but bare justice. So now, Sir, you know that you are innocent of bloodshed, and 'tis I am guilty."

The Knight looked at the churchman, and thought to see him break forth into thanksgivings. But it was not so. The prior was deeply moved, but not exultant. "Sir," said he, like a man that is near choking, "let me go to my cell and think over this strange tidings."

"And pray for me, I do implore you," said the Knight.

"Ay, Sir, and with all my heart."

Some days passed, and the Knight looked to hear his own tale come round again. But no; the prior was silent as the grave. Then after a while the Knight sent for him again, and said, "Good father, what I told you was not under seal of confession."

"I know it, Sir," said the prior. "Yet will it go no further, unless I should outlive you by God's will. Alas! Sir, you have taken from me that which was the health of my soul, my belief that I had slain him I hated so unchristian-like. This belief it made humility easy to me, and even charity not difficult. What engine of wholesome mortification would be left me now, were I to go a-prating that I slew not the brother I hated? Nay, I will never tell the truth, but carry my precious burden of humility all my days."

"Oh, saint upon earth!" cried the Knight. "Outlive me, and then tell the truth."

The monk replied not, but pondered these words.

And it fell out so that the Knight died three years after, and the prior closed his eyes, and said masses for his soul; and a good while afterward he did, for the honor of the convent, reveal this true story to two young monks, but bound them by a solemn vow not to spread it during his life. After his death the truth got abroad, and among churchmen the prior was much revered, for that he had cured himself of an uncharitable heart, and had enforced on himself the penalty of unjust shame so many years.

THE CENTENNIAL.

Among the many attractive features of the Belgian exhibit in the Main Building is the magnificent pulpit in carved wood, of which we give an engraving on our first page. This splendid specimen of the carver's art comes from the ateliers of the Brothers Goyers, of Louvain. Crowds linger about it constantly, and appear never to grow weary of admiring its beautiful proportions and the exquisite finish of its ornamentation. The pulpit is sixteen feet in height, including the sounding-board or canopy, and is composed of no less than eighty pieces. The body is the half of a polygonal figure of ten sides, and therefore presents five faces. Each of these is adorned with a carved pointed arch. In the panels thus formed are five groups in high relief. First is the marriage of Mary and Joseph; then come in due order the Annunciation; the welcome given by Elizabeth to the Virgin, "Hail, thou that art highly favored;" the flight into Egypt; and a crowned figure placing a crown upon the head of the half-kneeling Virgin. In front of the pillars of each arch there is a projection which serves as a base to religious figures, which are fully in harmony with the subject, although evidently belonging to a later date. The pedestals of these figures curve back boldly underneath as brackets, uniting with the tops of the pilasters that form the base. Between these pilasters are narrow lanceolated panels, beautifully carved with leaves and berries. The artistic effect would have been finer had not the carving been the same in all the panels. This fault is avoided in the capitals of the pilasters, which are formed of different flowers and leaves. The fore part of the canopy is supported by pillars which rest upon the sides of the pulpit, the doorway of entrance being within the pillars. The cornice of the canopy is very richly carved with leaves and berries, and the ceiling is painted with rich colors on a gold ground in the Byzantine style. Objection may justly be made that the marks of the knife, so characteristic of antique carving, have been totally obliterated by the use of sand-paper. But in spite of overpolish and smoothness, the pulpit is a splendid piece of workmanship.

When the visitor is once within the Centennial Fair, it is natural that the whole day should insensibly be spent among its many attractions. Therefore the question, "Wherewithal shall we be fed?" is of public interest. On page 488 the reader will first see the French Restaurant. On the right is a group at the well-provided table, with the polite *officier*, whose snowy napkin is tucked under his arm, while he explains the items of the bill. Beyond may be seen the *sommelier*, or "cellarer," delivering wine, while more to the left and in the foreground is the self-contented *garçon* bringing *le café et l'addition*. Nearly behind him stands the proprietor, intently watching the scene at the table, and *les dames de comptoir* behind the elevated desk complete the scene.

In marked contrast is the German Restaurant. On the right may be seen the elevated stand from which three men direct the many waiters, and also attend to the business of the place. The bare tables under the pine-trees, the solid-looking men and women refreshing themselves with the cool lager, and the hurrying waiters, evidently selected for active service rather than for neatness, all combine to produce a thoroughly characteristic picture. Below is a picture of one of the more attractive views on the grounds. At a distance it looks like some Oriental structure, but a nearer approach reveals a beautiful soda fountain. The arrangement of the pine-trees that form the columns, together with the Eastern style of ornamentation, gives it a very picturesque effect.

The sedate Philadelphian has offered visitors all kinds of hospitalities in the city and on the grounds, as our readers can see. He gives the Centennial freely—for a price; but Wissahickon he has kept for himself. A friendly artist, in a moment of "brotherly love," imparted the secret of Wissahickon to our reporter. To such visitors as have the time this is the secret which has been guarded so long and so well:

Go early to the grounds, provided with an agreeable companion and a compact but well-stored lunch basket. Leave the basket at the office where checks are given for parcels, and spend five or six hours in sight-seeing. When sufficiently fatigued, reclaim the basket, and take passage on the steamer that runs from the grounds to Wissahickon. The ride is about half an hour, through beautiful scenery, and a few minutes' walk after landing will bring the now refreshed and invigorated visitors to the most charming retreats, among hills and dells, where, in the cool shade, within the sound of some bubbling waterfall, the real poetry of the great Centennial Fair may be quietly and thoroughly enjoyed, as our artist conclusively shows.

One of the interesting features on the grounds is the Tunisian Café, a picturesque tent situated to the north of Fountain Avenue and midway between Belmont Avenue and the fountain erected by the Catholic Temperance Association. It is rambling in shape, and composed of a fabric resembling a coarse gray shawl. This tent is to have two neighbors of the same character, which will be used as the abiding-place of the attendants on the café and bazar. In the latter, curious articles of Arab manufacture will be exposed for sale. The café is in charge of an Arab family consisting of a father, mother, and two children. The woman is only eighteen years of age, and is a fully developed specimen of Oriental beauty, with large and voluptuous eyes and a perfect form, enhanced by the brilliant costume of the Orient. The Tunisian Café, being in strong contrast to the elements of Western civilization, has already become a popular resort. The tent shown in our illustration on page 489 temporarily supplies the place of the permanent café and bazar, the designs for which were furnished by Mr. Schwartzman.

On page 492 will be found a pictorial representation of the fine display of porcelain from the royal factory at Berlin, Prussia, which now stands without a rival in this branch of art industry. The wares are displayed in a most striking and artistic manner. There is a high, crescent-shaped partition wall covered with dark maroon velvet, upon the convex side of which the wares are suspended. To the upper part of the wall are fastened plates and slabs reproducing the finest designs of Raphael, Murillo, and others of the great masters. On the shelf below stand vases, cups, bowls, flagons, plates, and jars of every variety. One vase, four feet high, is decorated with a reproduction of Guido's "Aurora." The painting is a very faithful copy of the original, and the accessory ornamentation is tasteful and rich. A smaller vase bears a fac-simile of Rubens's "Farm Boys at Play." A set of plates, each different in subject but kindred in design, represent some ancient temple. There are likewise a huge majolica Champagne cooler; a carved oak table with a porcelain top illustrated by Raphael's "Poetry," from the Vatican; a beautiful box, containing a tea set of white china, each piece of which has a picture of one of the royal palaces in and around Berlin; modern copies of old drinking flagons, beakers, etc. A porcelain vase six feet high is specially noticeable. It has

the German Goddess of Peace, surrounded by the emblems of commerce, art, and agriculture, on one side; on the other is Borussia, the shield and protectress of the empire, sword in hand, in the midst of a group of warriors, symbolizing her martial character. Still another huge vase has a representation of the visit of Otho to the vault of Charlemagne, illustrating a well-known passage in Schiller. It must be remembered that all these pictures retain the depth of coloring, the clearness of outline, and much of the softness of the celebrated paintings of which most are copies. Our readers may form some idea of the beauty and value of these works from the high price they bear. The Germania vase is valued at $5000; the "Aurora" vase, at $4500; and the Otho vase, at $900; the table ornamented with a copy of RAPHAEL'S "Poetry," at $2200; and a copy of one of RAPHAEL'S Madonnas, on a large flat square framed like an oil-painting, at $650.

The Kansas and Colorado Building is among the largest and most attractive of the State buildings in the Centennial grounds. Kansas refused to conform to the rigid classification adopted by the United States Commission, and failing to secure space for a unified exposition in one of the main buildings, erected a separate one. We give an interior view of the building on page 493.

Colorado, her younger sister, has been allotted one-fourth of the exhibition space in this structure. The two States, formerly one Territory, separated now by only an imaginary line, have still intimate commercial relations, Kansas producing breadstuffs and meats for consumption in the mining districts of Colorado, in exchange for the gold and silver of the latter. They start out hand in hand, making a united, bold, and vigorous bid for immigration—one for the farm, orchard, and vineyard, the other for the mine—both for capital. Colorado occupies the west wing, or one-fourth of the building; the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad Company, sixteen feet of the east wing, or one-twenty-fourth part; while Kansas occupies all the rest. The display of the latter is made under the auspices of an Executive Committee consisting of W. L. PARKINSON, G. W. GLICK, E. P. BANCROFT, CHARLES F. KOESTER, and ALFRED GRAY, together with Professor HENRY WORRALL, superintendent of art and decoration. Mr. PARKINSON is vice-president of the Board of State Managers, and chairman of the Executive Committee, while Mr. GRAY is the secretary of each.

Among the interesting features of the Colorado exhibit is a picturesque group of stuffed animals, prepared and arranged by Mrs. MAXWELL. The irregular, cave-like fissure in the pile of rock shown in our engraving leads into a spacious apartment, where the visitor who makes his way through the winding passage, finds himself in a pleasant reception-room.

The building is in the form of a Greek cross, in the centre and under the cupola of which is suspended a bell ingeniously constructed by Professor WORRALL out of grains in the stalk, grasses, and broom-corn brush, while the tongue consists of a bell-shaped gourd suspended at the end of an elongated club gourd of over six feet by about two inches in diameter. The bell is eight feet nine inches across the bottom, and eight feet six inches high, and is in the same proportion, and bears the same inscription, as the old Revolutionary relic in Independence Hall, "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof (Lev., xxv. 10)." "By order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, for the State-house in Philadelphia."

There are forty-two flag-staffs on the building, the flags for forty-one of which have been generously contributed by the ladies of Leavenworth. They consist of the national colors of the United States, and those of each of the foreign governments exhibiting, the same to be added, at the close of the Exhibition, to the Centennial collections, and returned to the State-house at Topeka for preservation in the Museum of the State Board of Agriculture, there to remain a souvenir of the kindly co-operation of the ladies of Leavenworth.

At the north end, twenty-four feet from the floor, is a transparency, "The Great Seal of the State of Kansas," from which rays of golden grain radiate, alternated with a background of cotton—an important staple in Southern Kansas. Immediately under this there is an attractive collection of vegetable casts resting on a projection. Suspended from this projection is a well-drawn map, in colors, of Kansas, twenty-four by thirteen feet. From the floor to the map is a receding grain stand with ten shelves, supporting over one thousand sample glass grain jars, which contain an exhaustive display of wheat, rye, corn, barley, oats, buckwheat, sorghum, castor-beans and the oil manufactured from the same, and tobacco; the seed of hemp, flax, broom-corn, millet, Hungarian timothy, and red clover; hazel, pecan, and pea nuts; soils, fire clay, yellow and red ochre, mineral paints, plaster of Paris, potter's clay, hydraulic cement, salt, etc. Labels on these jars give name of contents, where and by whom grown or collected. By reference to the large map the locality is easily determined. A space of about fourteen feet on either side of the map, and between it and the two sides, is devoted to a forest of corn of wonderful growth. The stalks are from fifteen to eighteen feet high, containing from one to three ears each, from ten to fourteen inches long. Upon the walls on either side, and in glass cases, is an attractive and interesting display of wild and cultivated grasses and grains in the stalk. Wheat from four to five feet six inches high, from fields yielding from forty to sixty-four bushels per acre; corn, from forty to one hundred; oats, from fifty to seventy-five; timothy, two and one-half tons; clover and millet, four; bluegrass, from two to three feet four inches high; fourteen varieties of wild grasses, ranging in height from six inches to ten feet.

One case contains a display of silk ribbons and silk cocoons, the latter showing the size of the cocoons raised from eggs imported from Japan, and the noticeable increase in size of succeeding generations raised in Kansas. Silk culture in this young State of diversified industries is no longer problematical. The rest of the display consists of a formidable array of valuable building stones from nearly every county in the State; between forty and fifty different kinds of timber; a collection of stuffed birds of about three hundred species; a large entomological collection, including the veritable Rocky Mountain locust; an extensive collection of fossils; lead ore, coal, etc.

A reading-room where visitors from Kansas can have access to their home papers, over three hundred lineal feet of porch provided with seats, and a bureau of information for the convenience of Kansas people, add home-like enjoyments to the practical business phase of the Exposition.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE, 1876.

Sunday, 18.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday, 25.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 29.—St. Peter.

JULY.

Sunday, 2.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 9.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 16.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 23.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 25.—St. James.
Sunday, 30.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

THE two Presbyterian Assemblies, one sitting in Brooklyn, the other in Savannah, took during the closing days of their sessions a long step in the direction of fraternity. On Friday, May 26, a resolution was adopted in the Northern Assembly in these words: "With a view to the expression of the united and hearty wishes of this body that at the earliest practicable moment we may see the establishment of correspondence with the other Assembly, we hereby resolve that this Assembly reiterates its cordial desire to establish fraternal relations with the Southern Assembly on terms of perfect equality and reciprocity as soon as it is agreeable to their brethren to respond to this assurance by a similar expression." To this a reply was sent on the next day from the Southern body, declaring that "while condemning certain acts and deliverances of the Northern Assembly, no acts or deliverances of the Southern Assembly are to be construed or admitted as impugning in any way the Christian character or standing of the Northern General Assembly or of the historical bodies of which it is the successor." This assurance was received by the Assembly in Brooklyn with great satisfaction, and a resolution in the precise terms of that from Savannah, with the necessary change of the word "Northern" to "Southern," was adopted, and ordered to be immediately telegraphed. The adoption of the resolution was followed by the singing of the Doxology. The country will approve of the sensible basis of fraternity adopted by these two Churches. Neither body is asked to surrender cherished convictions, but with the expression by the representatives of both of confidence in each other, the past is left to settle itself, and the new life begins.

The Methodist Episcopal General Conference adjourned on May 31, having been in session the whole of the month. As to its measures it was uneventful. The proposed change in the mode of constituting presiding elders by election instead of episcopal appointment was defeated. A proposition for the reduction of the ratio of ministerial representation was adopted. If concurred in by the Annual Conferences, the minimum will hereafter be one delegate for every ninety-nine members of an Annual Conference. A commission was ordered to take measures for the holding of a Council of all Methodists—a project which has been under consideration for the past ten years. Important general rules of procedure were also framed in relation to changing the boundaries of Annual Conferences. No new bishops were elected, nor were many changes made in the corps of officers subject to appointment by the General Conference. Cincinnati was chosen as the place of the next meeting, in 1880.

The Baptist anniversaries, which began this year in Buffalo, May 23, attracted, as they usually do, an immense concourse of people. The receipts of the Foreign Missionary Union were reported to be, for the year, $258,678, and the expenditures, $233,176. On the second day delegates from the Southern Baptist Convention and from the Baptists of Canada were received. The annual meeting of the Home Mission Society was held May 26. The annual report stated that the indebtedness, April 1, 1875, was $10,341, which had been entirely paid off during the past year. The receipts during the year ending April 1, 1876, for all purposes, were $175,534—$25,000 less than the receipts of 1874. Two hundred and sixty-seven missionaries were commissioned during the past year.

The Yale Divinity School graduated at its recent Commencement twenty-four students who had completed the full course of study; ninety-eight have been in attendance during the year. Dr. DURYEA, of Brooklyn, addressed the alumni. The LYMAN BEECHER lectureship in this school has attracted the attention of the entire country. The Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, of Boston, is the lecturer for the coming year. Dr. CYRUS HAMLIN, the veteran missionary, will lecture on missions in the Turkish Empire. A scholarship, worth $700 per year, has been established by Mrs. HOOKER, of New Haven.

The Rochester Seminary celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary this year, and that fact brought together a large number of its friends. The address to the alumni was delivered by the Rev. Dr. E. G. TAYLOR, of Providence.

The eighth anniversary of the Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, New Jersey, occurred May 18. The graduating class numbered eighteen. The alumni, at their annual meeting, resolved to endow a professorship; $5500 were announced as pledged to that object. The number of students in attendance during the year was 105; of this number about thirty-seven per cent. were college graduates.

Among the long and happy pastorates, now too rarely recorded, is that of the Rev. Dr. BOARDMAN, of the Tenth Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. It has lasted forty-three years, and has covered the whole of Dr. BOARDMAN'S ministerial life. Upon leaving Philadelphia for Minnesota to recruit his health, Dr. BOARDMAN placed in the hands of the session his resignation. It is his wish to retire from active labor.

In spite of the opposition of the DISRAELI ministry, a resolution in favor of the Sunday closing of public-houses in Ireland was carried in the House of Commons by a vote of 224 to 167. This great victory was won after a protracted debate, in which the leaders on both sides participated. Mr. SMYTH'S resolution was only an expression of the opinion of members. Mr. DISRAELI tried to parry it by promising a government bill limiting the Sunday business of the public-houses to a certain number of hours. It was stated by Mr. SMYTH that nineteen-twentieths of those who went to the public-houses in Ireland were young persons of both sexes between sixteen and twenty years of age. The householders of Ireland were, he claimed, by a large majority, in favor of this measure. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT spoke strongly for the resolution. The former pointed out that if the people of Ireland were denied in this instance the local legislation which they so unanimously demand, an argument would be given the Home Rulers which could not fail to be effectively used.

The Northern Presbyterian Assembly closed its labors in Brooklyn on the last day of May, after a session of not quite two weeks. Dr. TALMAGE, in whose Tabernacle the sessions were held, said good-by to the Commissioners in a humorous address. The Moderator, Dr. VAN DYKE, in reply to a vote of thanks, made a very eloquent reference to the fraternal overtures reciprocated by the two General Assemblies. He said: "The lines which have gone out over the earth never flashed a sweeter message in human ears than that which came to us a few days since from Savannah. It was worthy of being readopted and re-echoed by this Assembly. Now let the echoes redouble themselves, until they reach every Presbyterian home and heart in this broad land; and then, when their melodies have mingled with the thanksgivings of this blessed Centennial, if God shall spare me to transfer this office to my successor, and permit me, as I trust He will, to shake hands in the Assembly at Chicago with a delegate from the Southern Assembly, I shall be ready to say, 'Now let Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'"

One of the many facts which show how rapidly the times change, and men change with them, was the reception of the delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Church to the General Conference of the African Methodist Church, sitting at Atlanta, Georgia. The fact of the meeting of the African General Conference in the central city of a former slave State was significant enough. One of the fraternal deputation was the Rev. Dr. SHERMAN, of New England; his associate was the Rev. J. C. TATE, who in the course of his life has been thrice sold at the auction block. Both speakers urged upon the African Conference the importance of reunion.

June 4 was the day appointed in the Methodist Episcopal Church for beginning Centennial services in all its congregations. In Cincinnati the churches of every form of faith devoted the entire week from June 4–11 to the religious observance of our national Centenary. On Sunday appropriate sermons were announced to be delivered; Monday was set apart for prayer and praise meetings; Wednesday evening was appropriated to the children; Friday was appointed as the gala day, of which the chief features were to be a children's parade and picnic. The essays announced were upon "The Influence of Christianity upon the Formation of, and its Necessity in perpetuating, our free Government," "The Bible, the Foundation of free Government," "Progress toward Christian Unity during the Century," and other suitable topics.

Among the notable persons who appeared at the yearly meeting of the Philadelphia Friends (Hicksite branch) was Mrs. LUCRETIA MOTT, now greatly advanced in years. She addressed the women's meeting on more than one topic. Speaking of plainness in dress and living, she gave this personal reminiscence: "I was brought up on the island of Nantucket. My father was a whaling captain, and was often absent three years at a time. My mother, with one servant, not only took charge of a family of five little children, but also kept a shop." Mrs. MOTT made a decided concession in favor of attending churches (served by a "hireling ministry," so called) on special occasions.

The General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church met in Philadelphia May 24. The Rev. JAMES BROWN, D.D., of Iowa, was elected Moderator. The Freedmen's Board received during the year $12,388; its treasurer has a balance in hand of $573. The assets of the Board of Publication are $101,736; liabilities, $30,540. The Board of Education has received for the year $2673, and has expended $3732. Twenty candidates for the ministry are under its care. The Foreign Mission Board reported receipts amounting to $60,126, which with a balance on hand made a total of $75,061; the expenditures were $71,960. This Assembly maintains 38 missionaries and 114 native assistants, making a total of 152. Its mission in Upper Egypt is very flourishing.

In addition to the anniversaries in London, already noticed in this Intelligence, the following are of interest to Americans: The British and Foreign Bible Society held its seventy-second annual meeting on May 3 in Exeter Hall. Its receipts during the year ending March 31, 1876, were £222,320; the expenditures were £211,251. Since its establishment the society has circulated 76,000,000 Bibles and Testaments; the number of languages in which the Christian Scriptures are printed has risen from fifty to more than two hundred. Among the persons supplied with Bibles for distribution was Bishop REINKENS, who, the report says, "made good use" of his copies.

The venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts held its anniversary in Willis's Rooms, London. The receipts for 1875 were £125,294, a falling off of over £9000 from the receipts of 1874. Among the speakers were the Archbishop of Canterbury and Sir BARTLE FRERE. The latter, who had been traveling in India with the Prince of Wales and had just returned home, gave his personal testimony to the great effects wrought by Christian missions in that important country.

The Liberation Society, which has for its object the disestablishment of the national Church, reported for the year 1875 receipts amounting to £15,449, and expenditures amounting to £14,370. The tone of the report was very hopeful. It touched upon the Burials Bill, the Oxford University Bill, the Government Education Bill, and the Bishop of Peterborough's Church Patronage Bill. A feature of the anniversary was an evening meeting in Mr. SPURGEON'S Tabernacle, where from 7000 to 8000 persons were present.

The London Missionary Society, which is sustained principally by English Non-conformists, held its annual meeting in the middle of May. Dr. MULLENS read the annual report. The receipts for the year were £118,183, and the expenditures about £2000 less. The special fund for the mission to Central Africa amounts to £5450. The reports of the mission work in various countries of the East were of great interest. Among the rest, it was stated that there are no less than 1200 Christian congregations in the island of Madagascar, numbering 250,000 worshipers.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

POWER OF POLITENESS.—A few evenings ago a young lady abruptly turned the corner of a street in Sheffield, and very rudely ran against a small boy, ragged and shoeless. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned to him and said, "I beg your pardon; indeed, I am very sorry." The small, ragged boy looked up in blank amazement for an instant; then, taking off about three-fourths of a cap, he bowed very low, smiled until his face became lost in the smile, and answered, "Yer can hev my parding, an' welcome, miss; an' yer may run agin me and knock me clean down, an' I won't say a word." After the young lady passed on he turned to a comrade and said, half apologetically, "I never had any one ask my parding, an' it kind o' took me off my feet."

A good lawyer is not a necessity, for necessity knows no law.

At a dinner party in Edinburgh a discussion arose about Burke, and his view of the French Revolution. After some little time a "bailie" who was present, but had not hitherto taken part in the conversation, struck in, all at once, as if a new light had occurred to him: "Burke! Burke! yes, I had to see him hanged."

CONSIDERATE.—"Now, Spriggins, my dear," said Mrs. Spriggins, at the theatre, after the first act, "you needn't go out to get any coffee, for I've got a bottle in my pocket."

"Sire, one word," said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great, when presenting to him a request for the brevet of lieutenant. "If you say two," answered the king, "I will have you hanged." "Sign," replied the soldier. The king stared, whistled, and signed.

"Is there any thing the matter with you?" said a physician to a person who had sent for him. "Oh dear yes; I am ill all over; but I don't know what it is, and I have no particular pain nowhere," was the reply. "Very well," said the doctor; "I'll give you something to take away all that."

Old people are notoriously vain of their age. There is a story of a very venerable crone, the inmate of a poor-house in Scotland, who, being asked how old she was, exclaimed, with evident feeling, "I dinna ken, but I'm a thoosan' at ony rate."

At a show, the other evening, a gentleman sarcastically asked a man standing up in front of him if he was aware that he was opaque. The other denied the allegation. He was not opaque; his name was O'Brien.

PEOPLE WHO ARE ALWAYS OPEN TO CONVICTION—Law-breakers.

Barefooted boys are best adapted for bootless errands.

Keep your temper. It is more valuable to you than to any body else.

Said a philosopher: "My friend conducted his future wife to the altar—and there his leadership came to an end."

They say Dom Pedro snores; and why shouldn't he? In his country all the women are s'noras.

DOCTORS DIFFER.—"Axing yer pardon, ma'am, but wud yer plaze tell me what them things is in the picther fornenst the mantel?" "Those are Raphael's Angels, Bridget." "Och! thin the both of us wuz wrong. I says they wuz twins, but Maria would have it they wuz bats."

A select hop took place at a hall in Corning recently, and the programme announced, "No German." A well-to-do Teuton saw it, and stopping one of the managers in the street, he said: "Vot for you call dis a free guntry? vot for you kick me out of mit your show all de vile? 'No German!' Den I backs up mine goods and goes back to mine Vaderland, and den I gets up one grand hippety hop, and I say, 'No Yankee,' and see how you likes dem all de vile."

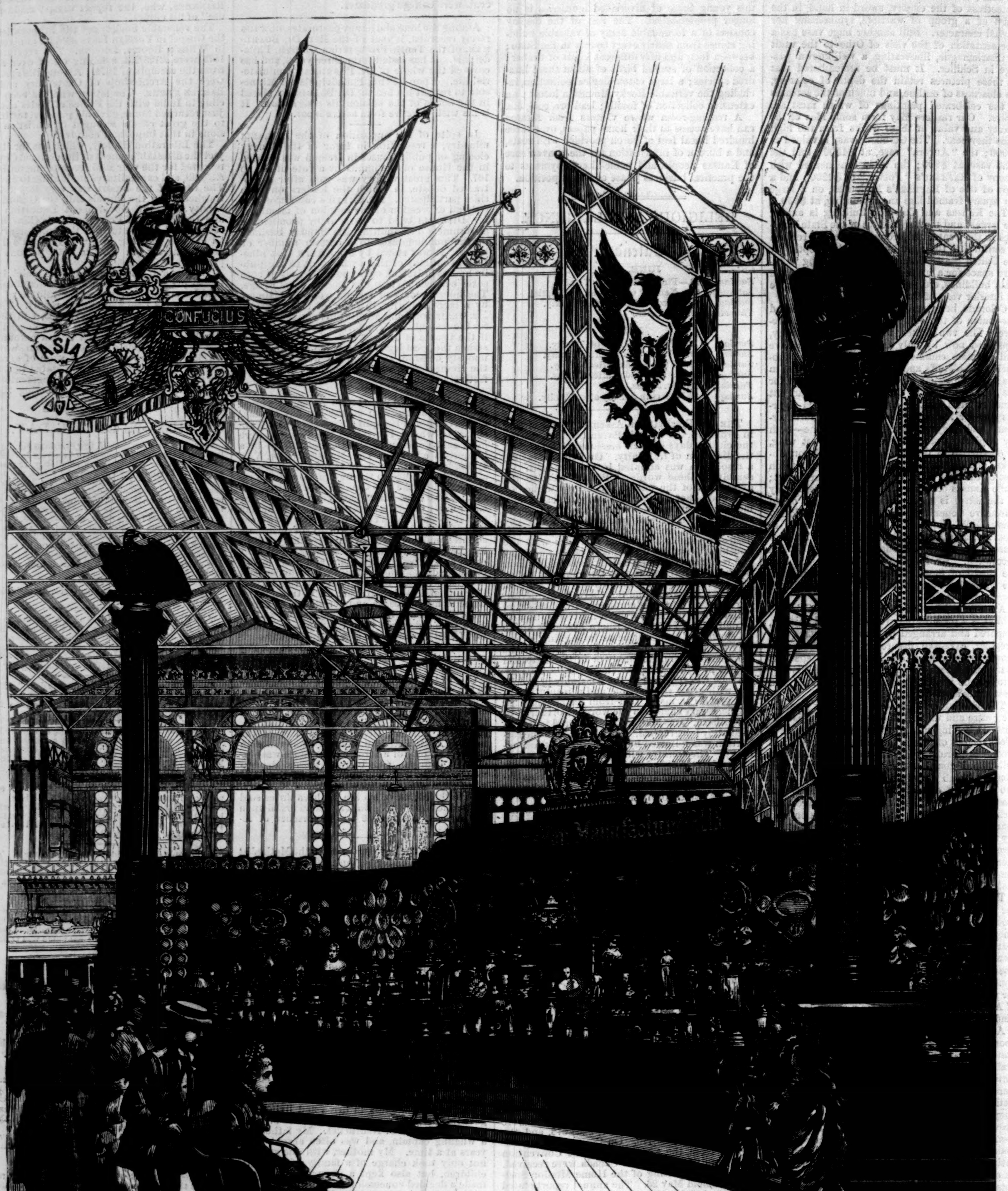
WANTED:

A coffin to bury the Dead Sea.
The saucer into which the cup of misery overflowed.
A night-cap to fit the head of a river.
The match which kindled the fire of love.
A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes of Justice.
A remedy to cure the deafness in the ears of corn.
The broom with which the storm swept over the sea.

An Irish peasant being asked why he permitted his pig to take up his quarters with his family, made an answer abounding with satirical naiveté: "Why not? Doesn't the place afford ivery convanience that a pig can require?"

Why is a candle-maker the worst and most unfortunate of men?—Because all his works are wicked, and all his wicked works are brought to light.

Sir Walter Scott's wife, though an excellent and admirable woman, was a matter-of-fact one. One day when he was walking in the fields in early spring he dilated to Lady Scott on the beauties of nature, the verdure, the wild flowers, the playful lambs, etc. "Ah, my dear," said the lady, "you remind me that we must have a nice roast leg of lamb, with mint sauce, for dinner to-morrow."



THE CENTENNIAL—GRAND DISPLAY OF BERLIN PORCELAIN.—[See Page 490.]

THE CENTENNIAL—KANSAS AND COLORADO EXHIBIT.—From a Sketch by C. E. H. Bonwill.—[See Page 490.]

MOTHER'S DARLING.

On the sea-shore at morning she wandered alone,
The waves kissed her feet and the wind tossed her hair,
And the great solemn fishes came up, one by one,
And swam by her side all the time she was there.
Did the fishes remember what legend has told—
How Queen Aphrodite arose from the sea?
Did they think that my darling with ringlets of gold
Was Venus returned, or one fairer than she?

In the woods she would stray all the long summer day,
Now glistening in sunshine, now lost in the shade,
And the birds would flock round her and show her the way
To the leaf-hidden nests where their children were laid;
For they knew she was gentle and harmless to all,
And her prattling they answered with chirping and song;
She would pet the young birds till the tree shadows tall
Said, "Home, little truant, the journey is long."

So she placed the dear chicks in their nests, and she kissed
Each wide-opened bill as she murmured, "By-bye;"
Then she stole from the wood, like a star through the mist,
When the sun to the moon yields the rule of the sky.
The jays flying home fanned her cheek with their wings,
The lambs bleated kindly, the dogs bayed adieu,
And even the owl—the most stupid of things—
Kept nodding good-night till she passed from his view.

Then she came up the lane—mother's darling and pride—
Not formal and prim, like your city-bred girls;
With a foot-weary stumble she sunk at my side,
Brown hands on my knees, and my lap full of curls.
The embrace and the kiss only mothers can know;
The supper, the bath, and the old cradle song;
"Good-night, mamma dear!" From the room did I go?
Yes, my form, but my soul was there all the night long.

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "The Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LIV.

BETTER THAN THE CROWN ITSELF.

Although the solid Cripps might now be supposed by other people to have baffled all his enemies, in his own mind there was no sense of triumph, but much of wonder. The first thing he did when all danger was past, and Dobbin was pedaling his old tune—"three happence and tuppence; three happence and tuppence; a good horse knows what his shoes are worth"—was to tie up Gracie in a pair of sacks. He thumped them well on the foot-board first, to shake all the mealiness out of them; and then, with permission, he spread one over the delicate shoulders, and the other in front, across the trembling heart and throat. Then, by some hereditary art, he fastened them together, so that the night air could not creep between.

"Cripps, you are too good," said Grace; "if I could only tell you half the times that I have thought of you; and once, when I saw a sack of yours—"

"Lor', miss, the very one as I have missed! Had 'un got a red cross, thick to one side—the Lord only knows what a fool I be, to carry on with such rum-tums now; however, I'll have hold of he—and zummat more, ere I be done with it." Here the carrier rubbed his mouth on his sleeves, as he always did to stop himself. He was not going to publish the family disgrace till he had avenged it. "But now, miss, not another word you say. Inside of them sacks you go to sleep; the Lord knows you want it dearly; and fall away you can't nohow. Scratched you be to that extreme in getting out of Satan's den, that tallow candles dropped in water is what I must see to. None on 'em knows it, no, not one on 'em. Man or horse, it cometh all the same. It taketh a man to do it, though."

"I should like to see a horse do it," said Grace; and her sleepy smile passed into sleep. Eager as she was to be in her father's arms, the excitement, and the exertion, and the unwonted shaking, and passage through the air, began to tell their usual tale.

This was the very thing the crafty carrier longed to bring about. It left him time to consider how to meet two difficulties. The first was to get her through Beckley without any uproar of the natives; the second, to place her in her father's arms without dangerous emotion. The former point he compassed well, by taking advantage of the many ins and outs of the leisurely lanes of Beckley, so that he drew up at the back-door of the Barton without a single sapient villager being one bit the wiser.

Now if he only had his sister with him, the second point might have been better managed, because he would have sent her on in front, to treat with Mrs. Hookham, and employ all the feminine skill supplied by quickness, sympathy, and invention. Now he must do the best he could; and his greatest difficulty was with Grace herself.

The young lady by this time was wide-awake, and stirred with such violent throbbings of heart, at the view of divine and desirable Beckley sleeping in the moonlight, and at the breath of her own home door, and haunt of her darling father's steps, that Cripps had to hold her down by her sacks, and wished that he could strap her so. "Do 'ee zit still, miss; do 'ee zit still," he kept on saying, till he was afraid of being rude.

"You are a tyrant, Cripps; a perfect tyrant. Because you have picked me up, and been so good, have you any right to keep me from my father?"

"Them rasonings," said Cripps, in a decided tone, "is good; but comes to nothing. Either you do as I begs of you, Missy, or I turns Dobbin's head, and back you go. It is for the Squire's sake I spake so harsh to 'ee. Supposin' you was to kill him, Missy, what would you say arterwards?"

"Oh, is he so dreadfully ill as that? I will do every thing exactly as you tell me."

"Then get down very softly, miss, and run and hide in that old doorway, quite out of the moonshine, and stay there, till I come to fetch 'ee."

Still covered with the sacks, the maiden did as she was told; while the carrier, with ungainly skill, and needless cautions to his horse (who stood like a rock), descended. Then he walked into the Squire's kitchen, with whip in hand, as usual, as if he were come to deliver goods.

The fat cook now was sitting calmly by the fire meditating. To her the time of year made no difference, except for the time that meat must hang, and the recollection of what was in its prime, and the consideration of the draught required, and the shutting of the sun out when he spoiled the fire. In the fire of young days, when herself quite raw, this admirable cook had been "done brown" by a handsome young Methodist preacher. Before she understood what a basting ladle is, her head was set spinning by his tongue and eyes; he had three wives already, but he put her on the list, took all her money out of her, and went another circuit. The poor girl spent about a year in crying, and then she returned to the Church of England, buried her baby, and became a cook. Without being soured by any evil, she now had long experience, and a ripe style of twirling her thumbs upon her stomach.

"Plaize, Mrs. Cook," began Zachary, entering under official privilege, and trying to look full of business, "do 'ee know where to lay hand on Mother Hookham? A vallyble piece of goods I has to deliver, and must have good recate for 'un."

"But lor', Master Cripps, now, whatever be about? It ain't one of your Hoxford days; and us never sends out no washing."

"You've a-knowed me a long time now, ain't you, Mrs. Cook? Did you ever know me for to play trickum-trully?"

"Never have you done that to my knowledge," the good woman answered, steadfastly, though pained in her heart by the thought of one who had. "Master Cripps is known to be the breadth of his own word."

"Then, my good soul, will 'ee fetch down Mother Hookham? It bain't for the flourishes, the Lord A'mighty knows. I haven't got the governing of them little scrawls myself, nor the managing amongst them as appertains to you. Bootifully you could a' done it, Mrs. Cook; but the directions here is so particular. For a job of this sort, you are twenty years too young."

"Oh, Master Cripps," cried the cook, who made a star like that upon a pie for her manual sign, "well you know that the ruin of my days has been trust in eddication! Standing outside of it, I was a-took in, and afore there come any 'rithmatic £320 was gone. Not for a moment do I blame the word of God, only them as blasphemeth it. But the whole of my innard parts is turned against a book or a pen."

"Don't 'ee give way now, dear heart alive. Many a time have you told me, and every time I feels the more for 'ee. Quite a young 'ooman you be still in a way, and a treasure for a young man with a whame in his throat, and half a guinea every week you might airn for roasting dinner parties. But do 'ee now go and fetch Mother Hookham down."

"The old 'ooman isn't in the house, Master Cripps. She hath so many things to mind, that the wonder is how she can ever go through of them. A heavy weight she hath taken off my shoulders ever since here she come, in virtue of her tongue. But her darter can be had to put a flour to a'most any thing, if my signs isn't grand enough to go into your hat, Master Cripps."

"Now, my dear good soul," replied the carrier, standing back and looking at her, "you be taking of every thing in a crooked way, you be. I have a little thing to see to—nort to say of kitchen in it, and some sort of style pecooliar. Requaireth pecooliar management, I do assure you, and no harm. Will 'ee plaize to hearken to me now? Such as I have to say—not much."

The brave cook answered this appeal by running to fetch Mary Hookham; in every thing that now she did, even with such a man as Cripps, the remembrance of vile deceit made her look out for a witness. Mary came down with a bounce, as if she had never been near her looking-glass, but was born with her ribbons and color to match. And her eyes shone fresh at the sight of Master Cripps.

"How well you be looking, my dear, for sure!" said the carrier, having (as a soldier has) his admiration of a pretty girl quickened by the sound of fire-arms. "And I be come to make 'ee look still better."

Mary cast a glance at the cook, as if she thought her one too many. Cripps was surely going to declare his mind; and Mary had such faith in him that she required no witness.

"Who do 'ee think I have brought 'ee back?" asked Zachary, meaning to be very quiet, but speaking so loud in his pride, that Mary, with a pale face, ran and shut the door upon the steps leading to her master's quarters. Then she came back more at leisure, and put her elbows to her sides, and looked at Master Cripps as if she had never meant to think of him for herself. And this made Cripps, who had been exulting at her first proceedings, put down his whip and stare.

"Not Miss Grace!" cried Mary; "surely never our Miss Grace!"

"What a intellect that young woman hath!" said Cripps, aloud, reflecting; "a'most too much, I be verily afeared."

"Oh no, Master Cripps, not at all too much for any one as entereth into it with a household feeling. But were I right? Oh, Master Cripps, were I right?"

"Mary Hookham," said Cripps, coming over and laying his hand on her shoulder (as he used to do when she was a little wench, and made him a courtesy with a glass of ale, even then admiring him)—"Mary, you were right, as I never could believe any would have the quickness. Cripps hath a-brought home to this old ancient mansion the very most vallyble case of goods as ever were inside it. Better than the crown as the young Queen hath now preparing."

"Alive?" asked Mary, shrinking back toward the fire, for his metaphor might mean coffins.

"Now there you go down again—there you go down," answered Cripps, who enjoyed the situation, and desired to make the most of it. "I thought you was all intellect—but better, perhaps, without too much. Put it to yourself, now, Mary, whether I should look like this, if I had only brought remainses."

"Oh, where is her? Where is her? Wherever can her be?" cried Mary, forgetting all her fine education, in strong vernacular excitement.

"Her be where I knows to find her again," answered Zachary, with a steadfast face. "It was not for any one to run in and strike a light betwixt him and his own work. Her might be to Abingdon, or to Banbury. Proper time come, I can vetch her forrard."

"Oh, I thought you had got her in the house, Master Cripps? How disappointing you do grow, to be sure! I suppose it is the way of all men."

Mary shed a tear, and Master Cripps (having been tried by sundry women) went closer, to be sure of it. He was pleased at the sign, but he went on with his business.

"You desarve to know every thing. Now can 'ee shut the doors, without a chance of any body breaking in?"

Mary and the cook, with a glance at one another, fastened all the doors of the large low kitchen, except the one leading to the outer air.

"You bide just as you be," said Cripps, "and I'll show 'ee something worth looking at."

He ran to the place where Grace was hiding, in the chill and the heat of impatience, and he took the coarse sacks from her shoulders, as if her sackcloth time was done at last. Then he led her to the warmth and light, and she hung behind, afraid of them. That strange but not uncommon shyness of one's own familiar home—when long unseen—came over her; and she felt, for the moment, almost afraid of her own beloved father. But Cripps made her come, and both Mary Hookham and the fat cook cried, "Oh, my! My good!" and ran up and kissed her, and held her hands, while she stood pale and mute, with large blue eyes brimful of tears, and lips that wavered between smile and sob.

"Does he—does he know about me?" she managed to say to Cripps, while she glanced at the door leading up to her father's room.

"Not he! Lord bless you, my dear," said Cripps, "it taketh 'em all half an hour apiece to believe as you ever be alive, miss!"

"It would never take my father two minutes," answered Grace; "he will be a great deal too glad of it to doubt."

"You promised to bide by my diraxions," the carrier cried, reproachfully; "if 'ee don't, I 'on't answer for nort of it. Now sit you down, miss, by back kitchen door, to come or go either way, according as is ordered. Now, Mary, plaize to go and say that Cripps hath come to see his Worship about a little mistake he hath made."

Mr. Oglander never refused to see any who came to visit him. His simple, straightforward mind compelled him to go through with every thing as it turned up; whether it were of his own business, or any other person's. Therefore he said, "Show Cripps in here."

Cripps was in no hurry to be shown in. He felt that he had a ticklish job to carry through, and he might drop the handles, if himself were touched amiss. And he thought that he could get on much better with a clever woman there to help him.

"Plaize, your Worship," he began, coming in, with his finger to his forelock, and his stiff knee sticking out—"don't 'ee run away now, Mary; that's a dear; you knows all the way-bills; and his Worship will allow of you."

"Why, Cripps," Mr. Oglander exclaimed, "you are making a very great fuss to-night; and you look as if you had been run over. Even if it is half a crown, Cripps, you are come to prove against me, put it down. I will not dispute it. I know that you would rather wrong yourself than me." The old gentleman was tired, and he did not want to talk.

"Of course, of course," said Zachary (as if every man would rather wrong himself), "but the point is a different thing; and, Mary, speak up, and say you know it is."

"Yes, Sir, I do assure you now," said Mary; "the point is altogether quite a different sort of thing."

"Then why can't you come to it?" cried the Squire; "is it that you want to marry one another?"

Mary's face blushed to a fine young color, and Cripps made a nod at her, as if he meant to think of it, but must leave that for another evening.

"I never could abide such stuff," muttered Mary; "as if all the world was a-made of wives and husbands!"

The Squire sat calmly with his head upon his hand, and his white hair glistening in the lamplight, as he gazed from one to the other, with a smile of melancholy amusement. It would be a great discomfort to him to lose Mary Hookham's services; and he thought it a little unkind of her to leave him in this sad loneliness; but he had not lived threescore years and ten without knowing what the way of the world is. Therefore, if Cripps had made up his mind—as the women had long been declaring that he as a man was bound to do—Mr. Oglander would be the last to complain, or say a word to damp them. The carrier himself had some idea that such was the working of the Squire's mind.

"Now, your Worship," he said, putting Mary away to a place where she could use her handkerchief, "will 'ee plaize to hearken, without your own opinion before hast heard what there be to say? Nayther of us drameth of doing you the wrong to take away Mary, while you be wanting of her. You ought to have knowed us better, Squire. And as for poor Mary, I ain't said a word to back up her hopes of ort decided. Now, Miss Mary, have I?"

"No, that you never haven't, Master Cripps. And it may come too late; if it ever do come."

"Well, well," continued Mr. Cripps, without much terror at the way she turned her back; "railly, your Worship, it was you who throwed us out. Reckoning of my times is a hard thing for me; and a hundred and four times a year is too much for the discretion of a horse a'most."

"Very well, Cripps," said the Squire, in despair; "every one knows that you must have your time. Not a word will I speak again until I have your leave."

"I calls it onhandsome of your Worship to say that; being so contrary of my best karaksteristicks. Your Worship maneth all things for the best, I am persuaded; but speaking thus you drives me into such a prespiration, the same as used to be a sweat when I was young and forced to it. Now doth your Worship know that all things cometh in a round of circles to the folks as trusts the Lord?"

"I know that you have such a theory, Cripps. You beat the whole village in theology."

"And the learned scholar in Oxford, your Worship, he were quite doubled up about the tribe of Levi. But for all of their stuff, the Lord still goeth on, making His rounds to His own right time; and now His time hath come for you, Squire."

"Do try to speak out, Cripps, and tell me what excites you so."

"Mary, his Worship is beginning to look white. Fetch in the pepper caster and the gallon of vinegar I brought last Wednesday."

"No, Mary, no. I want nothing of the kind. Tell him—beg him—just to speak out what he means."

"Cripps—Master Cripps, now," cried Mary, in a tremble, "you be going too far, and then stopping of a heap like. His Worship ought to be let into the whole of it gradooal—gradooal—gradooal."

"Can 'ee trust in the word of the Lord, your Worship?" asked Cripps, advancing bravely. "Can 'ee do that now, without no disrespect to 'ee?"

"In two minutes more you'll drive me mad, between you," the old Squire shouted, as he rose and spread his arms. "In the name of God, what is it? Is it of my daughter?"

"Yes, yes, father dearest; who else could it be in the whole of the world?" a clear voice cried, as a timid form grew clear. "They would go on all the night; but I could not wait a moment. Daddy, I am sure that you won't be frightened. You can't have too much of your own Grace, can you? Don't let it go to your heart, my darling. Grace will rub it for you. There, let me put my head just as I used; and then you will be certain, won't you?"

She laid her head upon her father's breast, while Mary caught hold of the carrier's sleeve, and led him away to the passage. Then the old man's weak and trembling fingers strayed among his daughter's hair, and he could not speak, or smile, or weep.

"There, you will be better directly, darling," she whispered, looking up with streaming eyes, as she felt him tremble exceedingly, and her quick hand eased him of the little brooch (containing her mother's hair and her own), which fastened his quivering shirt frill. "You wanted me to come back, didn't you? But not in such a hurry, darling—not in such a hurry. Father dear, why ever don't you kiss me?"

"If you did not run away, dear—say you did not run away."

"Daddy, you can not be so ill-minded, so very wicked, to your only child."

The old man took his child's hand in his own, and soothed her down, and drew her down, until they were kneeling at the table side by side; then they put up their hands to thank God for one another, and did it not with lips, but with heart and soul.

CHAPTER LV.

SMITH TO THE RESCUE.

Not a soul was there in Beckley (except untimely children gone to bed) ignorant later than ten o'clock of the "miracle" about Grace Oglander. That word was first set afoot in the parish by a man of settled habits, and therefore of some authority. For Thomas Kale had been put upon a horse, when the carrier's leg would not go up, and ordered to ride for his life to tell Squire Overshute all that was come to pass.

Now Kale was a man of large wondering power, gifted moreover with a faith in ghosts, which often detracted from his comfort. He had seen his young mistress in a half-light only when the household was called to look at her; and now he was ordered to a house where a lady had died not more than a few weeks back. Between Beckley Barton and Shotover Grange there were two places known to be haunted. The necessity for priming him before he started had occurred unluckily to himself alone. Already as he rode out of the yard a gate post and a tree shone spectrally. He felt the necessity for priming himself; and, prudent man as he was, he saw no mischief

in affording it. Squire Overshute could not give him less than a guinea for his tidings. Therefore (though pledged to the utmost not to speak) he took the very turn which the prudent Cripps had shunned, and pulling up at the window of the "Dusty Anvil," gave a shout for hot gin and water.

The Anvil was ringing with hilarity that night, and its dust should have been laid long ago. For Beckley having played a cricket-match with Islip, and beaten the dalesmen by ten wickets—as needs must be with five Crippses holding willow—an equally invincible resolve arose to outeat the losers at the supper. Islip, defeated but not disgraced, was well represented both in flesh and cash; and as Mr. Kale called for his modest glass, a generous feeling awoke in the breasts of several young men to pay for it. For the wickets had been pitched in a meadow of the Squire's, where Kale had plied scythe and roller.

Of this feeling Thomas Kale was not the man by any means to fail to avail himself. He strictly restricted himself, however, to three good bumpers and a bottomer; pledging himself, on compulsion, to call on his way back and manage the duplicate. But his heart was so good, that before he rode off, with a flout at all ghosts and goblins, he took an old crony by the name upon his smock, and told him where to go for a "miracle."

Now who should this be but old Daddy Wakeling, quite a considerable friend of Cripps, and one of the best men in Elsfield parish. Daddy was forced to spend much of his time outside his own parish, for the best of reasons—and a melancholy one—there was no public-house inside of it. Here he was now, with his fine white locks and patriarchal countenance, affording a test of our finest qualities, a touch-stone of one's lofty confidence or low cynicism—whether the subject should now be pronounced more venerable or more tipsy.

Now old Daddy Wakeling would be the very last (when getting near the middle of his third gallon) to conceal from his friends any gratifying news; and ere ever Kale's horse's heels turned the corner, Daddy's wise old lips were wagging into the ear of a crony. In less than ten minutes Phil Hiss had got the news; a council was held in the long room of the inn; and a march upon the Squire's house, and a serenade by every one who could scrape, blow, twang, or scream, was the resolution of a moment.

In the thick of the rout, as with good intent they approached the old-fashioned coach doors (which led to the front where they meant to be musical), a short square fellow slipped out of the crowd, and, without observation, went his way. His way was to a little hut of a stable, fastened only with a prong outside, but holding a nice young horse, which had finished his supper, but was not sleepy. He neighed as John Smith came in, for he felt quite inclined for a little exercise, and he knew the value of the saying he had heard—"After supper, trot a mile." Numbers Cripps was his owner, in that shameful age of ownership—which soon will be abolished, now that its prime key is gone, the key of holy wedlock—and the butcher had offered Mr. Smith a ride, if so be he should happen to want one.

The night was well up in the sky, and the track of summer daylight star swept; the faint remembrance of a brighter hour (that hangs round a tree like a halo) was gone; and only little twinkles shone through bays of leafage against the tidal power of the moon; and the long immeasurable stretch of silence spread faint avenues of fear.

Mr. John Smith was a very brave man. Imagination never stirred the corpulence of his comfort. What he either saw or sifted out by his own process, that he believed; and very little else. And so he rode, through light and shade, and the grain of the air which is neither; while the forest grew deeper with phantasm, and the depth of the night made way for him.

Suddenly even he was startled. In a dark narrow place, where he kept the track, and stuck his heels under his horse's belly (for fear of being taken sideways), something dashed by him, with a pant and roar, and fire flying out of it. Mr. Smith blessed his stars that he was not rolled over, as he very well might have been; for that which flew by him, like a streak of meteor, was a strong horse frantic.

Smith turned round in his saddle and stared; but the runaway sped the faster, as if he were rushing away from the forest, with a pack of wolves behind him. The stirrups of his empty saddle struck fire, clashing under him, and his swift flight scarcely left a sound of breath or hoof to follow him.

"The devil is after him," said John Smith; "I never saw a horse in such a state of mind. I may as well mark the spot where he came out. He has left, unless I am much mistaken, a tale to be told in the background somewhere."

Without dismounting, he broke off a branch of a young white poplar, and cast it so that by daylight he could find it; and then, with a very uneasy mind, he rode on, to trace out the rest of it. He was not by any means in Luke Sharp's pay (as one or two persons had suspected), neither was he even of his privy council; and yet he was bound hand and foot to him; partly by fealty of a conquered mind, and partly by sense of his brother's foe's complicity and subservience. John Smith, in his own way, was an honorable man, and money was no bribe to him.

He meant now to ride to the house of Leviticus, to get explanation. Never in any way had he dealt with the sylvan schemes of Mr. Sharp, or even from a distance watched them. It was long ere he had any clear suspicions—for his tall brother kept miles away from him—and in seeking the remains of Grace under the snow-drift he wrought out his duty with blind honesty.

John Smith's nerves were as hard as iron, and even the riderless horse had not scared him; but though he rode on bravely still, a cloud of gloom fell over him. It would make a sad difference to his life if any thing had happened to Mr. Sharp (for Smith had invested a little money under the lawyer's guidance); and knowing Luke Sharp as he did, he feared that evil had befallen him.

Filled with dark misgiving, and the set resolve to face it, he lashed his horse on at a perilous rate through the wattled ways of moonlight. The glance and the glimpse of light and shade flew past him like a cataract, till suddenly even he was scared by the sound of his name in a sad clear voice. He pulled up his horse, and laid his hand on the butt of a pistol beneath his cape, till a woman came forth into the light, and said,

"I was sure you would come; but too late—it is too late."

"Cinnaminta, show me," he answered, very softly, knowing by her gesture that the mischief was at hand. As soon as he was off his horse, and had made him fast by the bridle, she led him round some shadowy corners into a little dingle. This had no great trees to crowd it; and though it lay below the level of the wood around, the moon was high enough now to throw a good power of light along it. The sides were fringed or jagged with darkness, cumbrous tree or mantled ivy damming back the tide of light; but in the middle lay and spread fair sward of dewy emblements, swept with brightness, and set forth for a Whitsun dance of fairies.

But now, instead of skip and music, sigh and sob and breaking noises of the human heart were heard. A fine young form, of the Oxford build, lay heavily girt with mole-hills, infolded vainly in a velvet cloak, and vainly on every side adjured to take heart and come back again. Kit was not at all the fellow thus to be addressed in vain—if he only could have heard the living voices challenge him. His love of sport had been love of pluck, as it generally is with Englishmen; and all his dogs, of different sizes, must have taught him something. His mother now was pulling at him, in a whirl of right and wrong. She felt that he could not be dead, because it would be so outrageous; and yet her feeble heart was fearful that such things had been before. Happily for herself, she knew not what had happened to him, but took it for an accident of the woods; for the gypsy woman, who alone had seen it, had been too kind to tell the truth.

"Oh, Kit, Kit, now only look," the poor fond mother was going on; "only lift one eyelid, darling; only move one little hand"—his hands were of very considerable size—"or do any thing, any thing you like, dear, just to show that you are coming back, back to your own mother! Kit—oh, my Kit, my own and ever only Kit—or Christopher, if you like it better, darling—here have I been for whole hours and hours, and not one word will you say to me! If ever I laughed at you, Kit, in my life, you must have known how proud I was. There is not any thing in all the world, or any body, to come near you, Kit. Only come—only be near me, instead of breaking all my heart like this!"

Worn out with misery, she fell back; and Cinnaminta, with a short quick sigh, knelt down on the turf and supported her.

"Four times have I had to bear it, and every time worse than the time before," she said in her soft clear tone to herself; but only to remind herself of the tenderness she was sure to show. "And this was her only one, and grown up."

Her face (still beautiful and lovely with the sad love in her eyes, the memory of the time when still there was somebody to live for) shone in the gentle light, now poured abundantly on all of them. Of all who had lived, and loved, and suffered, and now made shadows in the moonshine, not one had been down to the holy depths of sorrow as this woman had.

"Catch 'un up now," cried John Smith, who never knew when his ideas were wrong; "catch 'un up by the heels, one of 'ee. This here baistly hole be enow to fetch the ghost of his life out. He hath got life in him. Don't tell me. His ears be like a shell; and no dead man's is. Rap on the nob! Lor' bless my heart, I'd sooner have fifty than one on the basket! What, all on you afeared to heckle him?"

"Oh no, Sir, oh no, Sir," cried poor Mrs. Sharp, as Tickuss and another man fell away; "I am not very strong, but I can help my child."

"Ma'am, you are a lady," said John Smith, that being his very highest crown of praise; "but as for you—a d——d set of cowards—go to the devil, all of you. Now, ma'am, I will not trouble you, except to follow after us. Cinny will clear the way in front; it cometh more natural to her. And you, ma'am, shall follow me as you please; and sorry I am not to help you. A little shaking will do him a world of good."

He was taking up Kit, with a well-adjusted balance, while he spoke to her; and he wasted his breath in nothing, except in telling her to follow him. As the hind comes after the poor slain fawn, or the cow runs after the netted cart, where the white face of her calf weeps out, even so Mrs. Sharp of her dress thought nothing—though cut up, like a carrot, in the latest London style, and trimmed with almost every flower nature never saw—anyhow, after Kit she went, and knew not light or shadow.

Mr. Smith sturdily managed to get on; he was thickly built, and had well-set reins; and though poor Kit was no feather-weight, his bearer did not flag with him. Then setting the body of the lad on a mound, where the moon shone clearly upon his face, and the night air fanned him quietly, John Smith very calmly pulled out a bright weapon, and flourished it, and felt the edge.

"Oh no, Sir! Oh, pray, Sir!" cried Mrs. Sharp, falling on her knees, and inclasping her poor boy.

"Cinny, just lead her behind that bush. 'Tis either death or blood with him."

"Oh no, I never could bear to be out of sight. If it really must be done, I will not shriek. I will not even sigh. Only let me stay by his side."

John Smith signed to his sister-in-law, who took the mother's trembling hands, and turned her away for a moment.

"Now fetch cold water. That vein must not be allowed to bleed too long, ma'am. 'Tis a ticklish one to manage for a surgeon even; and at present it is sulky. But it only wants a little air, and just the least little touch again. If you could just manage to go and say your prayers, ma'am, we could get on a long sight better."

"Oh, I never thought of that. How sinful of me! Oh, kind good man, I implore of you—"

"Not of me, ma'am. Pray to God in heaven, unless you wish to see me run away. And if I do, he slips right off the hooks."

She turned away, with her weak hands clasped; but whether she prayed or not, never could she tell. But one thing she bore in mind, as long as soul abode with it, and that was the leap of her heart when Smith shouted, in a good loud voice, "All right."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The fifth volume, for 1875, of the *Annual Record of Science and Industry*, has just been published by Harper & Brothers, constituting a work of nearly 950 pages. It is intended to serve as a record of the progress of science, and is composed of two divisions, the first being a systematic account of the progress and present condition of Mathematics, Astronomy, Terrestrial Physics, Meteorology, Chemistry, Metallurgy, Mineralogy and Geology, Geography, General Natural History and Zoology, Botany, Agriculture and Rural Economy, Pisciculture and the Fisheries, Domestic and Household Economy, Mechanics, Engineering, Technology, Materia Medica, Therapeutics and Hygiene, etc. The size of this summary has been increasing, year by year, from sixteen pages in the volume for 1871, to 272 in the present one.

In addition to the general histories of progress, there are numerous abstracts of particular communications, occupying about 600 pages, in which the more important articles by various specialists at home and abroad are presented, with a full reference to the serials where they are to be found in detail.

Additional features of the volume consist of a list of the deaths of men of science during the year 1875, and a selected list of the more important works in science published during the year.

The volume is edited by Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution; and among the collaborators who furnished abstracts or summaries for the work are Professors Newcomb, Abbe, Holden, Gill, and Mason, of Washington; Professors Barker, Cope, and Wahl, of Philadelphia; Professor Himes, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania; Dr. Rau, of New York, and Dana, of New Haven; Professor Atwater, of Middletown; Dr. Hunt, of Boston; Packard, of Salem; Gray, of Cambridge; and Farlow, of Boston, and other well-known scientists. The very extensive table of contents and alphabetical index add greatly to the value of the volume as a work of reference.

The report of the Commissioner of Fisheries of Canada for the year ending December, 1875, has been recently published by the Dominion authorities, and embraces an account of the general yield of the fisheries for 1875, imports and exports of fish, the staff of officers, the methods taken for multiplying the white-fish, salmon, etc., the development of the waters, and a consideration of the oyster beds, lobsters, etc. According to Mr. Whitcher, the product of the fisheries generally was less than that in 1874, this being especially true of the salmon and lobster. The total value of the production for 1875 was $10,347,886; the value of the exports during the fiscal year was $134,753. Notwithstanding this decrease, the Commissioner expresses himself as satisfied with the result, the fishing population having enjoyed prosperity, with a good prospect of increased yields in the future. According to the report, the Dominion government has now in operation seven establishments for the artificial propagation of fish. In addition to those at Newcastle, Gaspé, Restigouche, and Miramichi, three others have been erected at Sandwich, on the Detroit River, at Tadousac, on the Saguenay, and at Bedford, on the Sackville River, not far from Halifax. The total number of young fish distributed from the hatching of 1874 was 1,700,000, and a much larger number is hoped for hereafter.

Professor P. B. Wilson has lately observed that the silica of plants is carried up as diatoms or other siliceous grains, and not taken up in the form of a soluble silicate, and believes his position to be verified by the experiment of supplying manure to land sown in wheat. He finds that the siliceous remains so grown were diatomaceæ, the same as found in infusorial earth, excepting that the larger disks in their perfect form were absent, these being too large to enter the capillaries. The diatomaceæ precludes the possibility of infusorial earth having undergone any change in the form. A microscopic examination of the particles of silica on the glass slides gave the outlines of the diatomaceæ as sharply and distinctly defined. On the other hand, when the action produced by nitric acid was not complete, a marvelous interlacing of the forms was observed, showing that they had been conveyed by the sap cells where they were destined to complete their structure. The result of these observations shows the necessity of finely divided silica in the soil so minute as to be capable of passing with facility through the sap cells, also that simple and compound silicates are useless as fertilizing agents.

Among the various forms of scientific apparatus of later years, one of the most curious is that recently announced by Mr. Siemens, under the title of the bathometer. The construction of this instrument is too complicated to be described in a paragraph; but it is stated that its readings have been compared with those made by means of Sir William Thompson's steel wire sounding apparatus, and the concurrence is very satisfactory, especially as the bathometer gives a mean of the surrounding depths, while the sounding-line gives the actual depth below the ship. One application can be made in giving the mariner a depth which would be rendered necessary on account of the weather. If the contour of the ocean bed were laid down on charts more perfectly than it is at present, the mariner would be able to tell from his bathometer the depth of the ocean below him, and whether that depth was increasing or decreasing on his course, and thus be forewarned of the approach of danger.

The annual report of the State Board of Health of Michigan for the year ending September 30, 1875, contains a number of important papers in relation to the general question of public hygiene; and in addition to the proceedings of the board, embraces several papers of much interest. One of these is on the use of poisons, by Professor Kedzie, and especially that of Paris green, so extensively used for killing the Colorado potato bug. Although an alarm was occasioned by the use of this insecticide, Professor Kedzie states, as the result of a long examination, that in more than 1000 townships in Michigan no case of poisoning of vegetables has occurred, to the tops of which Paris green had been applied, and that the same is the case in wheat; that arsenic in no form has been found as the constituent of the plant grown under such circumstances. In reference to the ultimate disposition of the poison in the soil, he comes to the conclusion that there are certain agents that take it up, making it soluble, so that it is harmless, the most potent of which is hydrate of iron. The importance of good plumbing and other forms of drainage for preventing the entrance of sewer gases into residences is also treated of very elaborately in a paper by Dr. H. D. Hitchcock. The influence of occupations upon the health, the subject of trichina, the water supply in its relation to health and disease, and the importance of drainage, are the subjects of other treatises.

The formal opening of the new building of the Academy of Natural Sciences, at the corner of Nineteenth Street and Race, Philadelphia, took place on the 1st of May with appropriate ceremonies. The Academy dates from the year 1812, Dr. Cluss and Thomas Say being the most prominent of the seven members of the institution. The society had varying fortunes until the year 1826, when it purchased a lot at the corner of Twelfth and Sansom streets, where it erected a building of very considerable size. On the 22d of April, 1839, a lot 50 by 100 feet, at the corner of Broad and Sansom streets, was purchased, and a hall erected, where some of the most important events connected with the society have taken place. In 1865 it was determined to take measures to secure a new building, as the one occupied would not admit of an extension, and finally a lot of ground was obtained capable of accommodating not only the present collections, but a very large increase in the future. The building erected thereon has been completed, and covers an area of 186 feet on Race and 75 feet on Nineteenth Street. For the erection of this the total cost was $239,160, the largest subscription being that of William S. Vaux, a very prominent member of the Academy.

Professor Stone, director of the observatory connected with the University of Cincinnati, announces that during the coming summer opportunity will be given, at that institution, for the study of higher analysis, spherical and practical astronomy, and celestial mechanics. This arrangement has been made for the special benefit of teachers desirous of pursuing studies connected with their own work.

Special attention will be given to the art of computing, to give an insight into the practical application of mathematics to astronomy, and an opportunity will also be given to learn the use of instruments.

This may be considered as one of the many outcrops of Professor Agassiz's noble undertaking at Penikese, and which, although it has itself ceased to exist, has sown the seed of a large growth of institutions for instruction in the physical and natural sciences, the benefit of which can scarcely be overestimated.

The report of Wex on the diminution of water in wells, etc., presented to the Austrian government in 1873, was followed by the appointment, at his request, of a commission of engineers, to whom was intrusted the duty of carefully investigating the points raised by the author in his learned memoir. So important did the matter seem, on account of the long-matured views presented by Wex, that the commission decided to fully investigate the matter. The rivers Danube, Rhine, and Elbe were respectively assigned to certain engineers, while others made measurements in relation to the Alpine streams and the glaciers, and others made a special study of the meteorological questions involved.

During the past two years the committee have therefore accumulated a great mass of valuable material, and have presented a very elaborate report on the subject, which was published in a recent number of the Journal of the Austrian Engineers' and Architects' Association. The many details given in the report of the committee may perhaps be summed up as follows: first, an increase is proved in the frequency and the heights of floods in the rivers, as well as a diminution in the altitude of the mean of low waters in most of the rivers and streams of cultivated lands; and all the evil consequences depicted by Wex follow thereon; second, the cause of the injurious changes in the regimen of the rivers, in the drainage of swamps and morasses, in the sinking of lakes and dikes, is principally to be found in the destruction of the forests. These two points having been abundantly established by the most exact measurements by a large corps of able engineers, the conclusions and the recommendations of the Austrian committee become of the greatest interest to other nationalities, since it is evident that the same causes are at work elsewhere, and especially so in America, to bring about the same disastrous results. The committee therefore recommend that on the one hand exact measures be made of all that relates to the hydrography of the land, implying, of course, the establishment of a permanent hydrographic commission; second, that the most stringent laws be enacted to prevent the willful, unnecessary destruction of forests; and that, third, every thing be done that is possible to encourage the planting and cultivation of forests; and finally, that the streams and rivers, as they at present exist, be connected into a system by means of which the height of the water may be regulated, and therefore the traffic thereon may be facilitated as much as possible.

"THE LION AND THE UNICORN FIGHTING"—AGAIN (?)

BRITISH LION (*to Lord D—Unicorn*). "What! give up the Fugitive Slave, and NOT the Criminal Fugitive!"

PRESENTATION OF THE RUMFORD MEDAL TO DR. DRAPER.

EIGHTY years ago Count RUMFORD presented the American Academy of Science with the sum of five thousand dollars, which has been increased fourfold by good management, to be devoted to stimulating the investigation of the various phenomena connected with light and heat, by the presentation of medals of value as honorary rewards to successful research. There are two medals known by Count RUMFORD'S name, one of gold, and a silver duplicate, identical as to design and inscription. The bestowal of these medals is justly considered the highest honor that can be conferred by any society in this country.

At a recent meeting of the Academy, the Hon. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, president, in the chair, the medal was formally awarded to Dr. JOHN W. DRAPER, of the University of the city of New York, for his researches in radiant energy. In presenting the medals, the president referred to the eminent services of Dr. DRAPER in the field of scientific investigation to which he had devoted so many years, and recapitulated in brief some of the reasons which had led the committee to make this award. He said:

In 1840 Dr. DRAPER independently discovered the peculiar phenomena commonly known as MOSER'S images, which are formed when a medal or coin is placed upon a polished surface of glass or metal. These images remain, as it were, latent, until a vapor is allowed to condense upon the surface, when the image is developed and becomes visible.

At a later period he devised the method of measuring the intensity of the chemical action of light, afterward perfected and employed by BUNSEN and ROSCOE in their elaborate investigations. This method consists in exposing to the source of light a mixture of equal volumes of chlorine and hydrogen gases. Combination takes place more or less rapidly, and the intensity of the chemical action of the light is measured by the diminution in volume. No other known method compares with this in accuracy, and most valuable results have been obtained by its use.

In an elaborate investigation, published in 1847, Dr. DRAPER established experimentally the following important facts:

1. All solid substances, and probably liquids, become incandescent at the same temperature.

2. The thermometric point at which substances become red-hot is about 977° F.

3. The spectrum of an incandescent solid is continuous; it contains neither bright nor dark fixed lines.

4. From common temperatures nearly up to 977° F. the rays emitted by a solid are invisible. At that temperature they are red, and the heat of the incandescing body being made continuously to increase, other rays are added, increasing in refrangibility as the temperature rises.

5. While the addition of rays so much the more refrangible as the temperature is higher is taking place, there is an increase in the intensity of those already existing. Thirteen years afterward KIRCHHOFF published his celebrated memoir on the relations between the co-efficients of emission and absorption of bodies for light and heat, in which he established mathematically the same facts, and announced them as new.

6. Dr. DRAPER claims, and we believe with justice, to have been the first to apply the daguerreotype process to taking portraits.

7. Dr. DRAPER applied ruled glasses and specula to produce spectra for the study of the chemical action of light. The employment of ruled metallic specula for this purpose enabled him to avoid the absorbent action of glass and other transparent media, as well as to establish the points of maximum and minimum intensity with reference to portions of the spectrum defined by their wave lengths. He obtained, also, the advantage of employing a normal spectrum in place of one which is abnormally condensed at one end and expanded at the other.

8. We owe to him valuable and original researches on the nature of the rays absorbed in the growth of plants in sunlight. These researches prove that the maximum action is produced by the yellow rays, and they have been fully confirmed by more recent investigations.

9. We owe to him, further, an elaborate discussion of the chemical action of light, supported in a great measure by his own experiments, and proving conclusively, and, as we believe, for the first time, that rays of all wave lengths are capable of producing chemical changes, and that too little account has hitherto been taken of the nature of the substance in which the decomposition is produced.

10. Finally, Dr. DRAPER has recently published researches on the distribution of heat in the spectrum, which are of the highest interest, and which have largely contributed to the advancement of our knowledge of the subject of radiant energy.

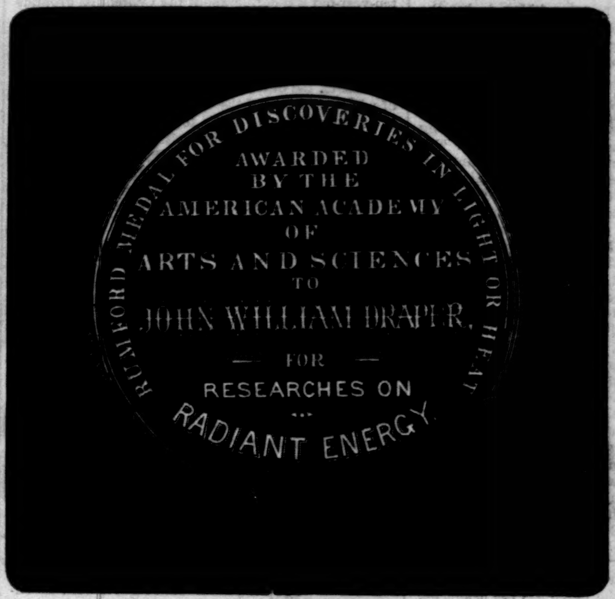
Dr. DRAPER being unable to be present on the occasion on account of ill health, a brief reply to the president's address was made on his behalf by Mr. QUINCY, who also read the following letter from the distinguished scientist:

"*To the American Academy of Arts and Sciences:*

"Your favorable appreciation of my researches on radiations, expressed to-day by the award of the RUMFORD medals, the highest testimonial of approbation that American science has to bestow on those who have devoted themselves to the enlargement of knowledge, is to me a most acceptable return for the attention I have given to that subject through a period of more than forty years, and I deeply regret that through ill health I am unable to receive it in person.

"Sir DAVID BREWSTER, to whom science is under so many obligations for the discoveries he made, once said to me that the solar spectrum is a world in itself, and that the study of it will never be completed. His remark is perfectly just.

OBVERSE.



REVERSE.

THE RUMFORD MEDAL.

"But the spectrum is only a single manifestation of that infinite ether which makes known to us the presence of the universe, and in which whatever exists—if I may be permitted to say so—lives and moves and has its being.

"What object, then, can be offered to us more worthy of contemplation than the attributes of this intermedium between ourselves and the outer world?

"Its existence, the modes of motion through it, its transverse vibrations, their creation of the ideas of light and colors in the mind, the interferences of its waves, polarization, the conception of radiations and their physical and chemical effects—these have occupied the thoughts of men of the highest order. The observational powers of science have been greatly extended through the consequent invention of those grand instruments, the telescope, the microscope, the spectrometer. Through these we have obtained more majestic views of the nature of the universe. Through these we are able to contemplate the structure and genesis of other systems of worlds, and are gathering information as to the chemical constitution and history of the stars.

"In this noble advancement of science you, through some of your members, have taken no inconspicuous part. It adds impressively to the honor you have this day conferred on me that your action is the deliberate determination of competent, severe, impartial judges. I can not adequately express my feelings of gratitude in such a presence, publicly pronouncing its approval on what I have done.

"I am, gentlemen, very truly yours,

"JOHN W. DRAPER."

DR. JOHN W. DRAPER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORA.]

Dr. DRAPER was born at St. Helen's, near Liverpool, England, on the 5th of May, 1811. After a careful early training in a Wesleyan Methodist school, he was placed under private instructors, and devoted his attention chiefly to chemistry, the higher mathematics, and natural philosophy. He subsequently prosecuted his chemical studies at the University of London. In 1833 he came to this country, whither several of his family had preceded him, and continued the study of chemistry and medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in 1836. He was soon afterward appointed Professor of Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, and Physiology in Hampden Sidney College, Virginia, where he devoted much time to scientific investigations, and contributed a valuable series of papers on physiological subjects to the *American Journal of Medical Sciences*. Three years later he took up his residence in this city, as Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in the academic department of the University of the city of New York, and in 1841 was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the University Medical College, to which, ten years later, was added the department of physiology. Dr. DRAPER resigned his position in the medical faculty several years ago, but still holds the position of president of the scientific department of the University.

It is needless to add to the comprehensive summary of Dr. DRAPER'S scientific achievements given in the address of Mr. ADAMS. His literary labors have been not less remarkable. Besides the many scientific treatises for which the world is indebted to his pen, may be mentioned his *Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America*, published in 1865; his *History of the American Civil War*, in three volumes, 1867–70; and his *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, which appeared in 1863. This important work was immediately republished in England, and translations of it have appeared in French, German, Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Italian, and other modern languages. Portions of it relating to Mohammedanism have been translated into Arabic and Turkish. It is an interesting evidence of the value attached to this work in England that a movement has been organized in London to present a copy of it to such ministers of the Gospel as may be unable to buy it. Dr. DRAPER has generously relinquished his share in the profits of the copies so given away. The causes of this popularity are not far to seek. As the *Westminster Review* truly says: "It is one of the not least remarkable achievements in the progress of the positive philosophy that have yet been made in the English tongue. A noble and even magnificent attempt to frame an induction from all the recorded phenomena of European, Asiatic, and North African history. The strongly human sympathy and solicitude pervading this book is one of its most entrancing charms. Unaccustomed though a reader might be to scientific habits of thought or uninterested in the gradual elaboration of eternal rules and principles, here he can at least disport himself amidst noble galleries of historical paintings, and thrill again at the vision of the touching epochs that go to form the drama of the mighty European past. This is no dry enumeration of names and dates, no mere catalogue of isolated events and detached pieces of heartless mechanism. Rather does this work come to us as a mystic harmony, blending into one the treasured records of unnumbered histories and biographies, the accumulated stores of sciences the most opposed and erudition the most incongruous, now descending into slow and solemn depths of tone, as sin, cruelty, intolerance, form the theme, now again lost in unapproachable raptures of sound, as true greatness, endurance, self-control, are reflected in the grand turning-points of European story...... It is eminently encyclopedic. It ransacks every accredited science, all the most recent discoveries, and every independent source of historical information. What COMTE showed might and ought to be done for the whole world of Man, what Mr. BUCKLE commenced for England, Scotland, France, and Spain, Dr. DRAPER has effected for the whole of Europe. The gigantic vastness of the task is almost paralyzing, contained as is the result in a very moderate space, but it is done none the less carefully and thoroughly. All the latest researches in history, all the most recent discoveries in the realms of geology, mechanical science, natural science, and language, every minute particular that can explain or illustrate the general progress of all the European races from the most primitive ages, are accurately and copiously detailed in their several relations. Nor is the author without such an art of representation as can render a book not only such as we ought to read, but also such as we like to read." This work was originally published in 1863 by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS in one octavo volume. It will interest many readers to learn that a cheap, convenient edition, in two volumes, revised by the author, and printed from entirely new plates, has just been issued by the HARPERS to supply a popular demand for a work which has made so deep and permanent an impression on the people of Europe and America.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A beautiful charity is the New York Flower Mission—a simple but systematic method of gladdening the hearts of the sick in hospitals, the infirm in "homes," the insane in asylums, and even the unfortunates in prisons, for by kindness far more than by set admonition are the erring shown the beauty of Christianity. The Flower Mission has existed six years, operating from the middle of May during the summer months, and sometimes into the autumn. It meets at ten o'clock every Monday and Thursday at the Sunday-school room of All-souls Church, No. 239 Fourth Avenue. It might be difficult to say who are the "flower ladies," as the recipients of bouquets call them. The contributions are voluntary, the work is voluntary, and many hands are employed in arranging the sweet blossoms into tasteful little bouquets. The mission has no president, no treasurer. Its wants are simple—flowers, and ladies to help in arranging and distributing them. All kinds of flowers are acceptable, although sweet-scented ones are specially desirable. They should be sent early on Monday or Thursday morning, addressed, "New York Flower Mission, No. 239 Fourth Avenue, City." The Flower Mission is strictly unsectarian. It sends its bouquets to the Roosevelt Hospital and the Homœopathic, the Mount Sinai and St. Luke's, the Home for Incurables and the Crippled, the Old and Indigent Women's Home and the Ophthalmic Hospital, the Colored Hospital, the Methodist Home, the Presbyterian, the Jewish, and the Baptist, the Midnight Mission, the Dispensary for Sick Children, and wherever else the sick poor are to be found. During the past six years flowers have been distributed to as many as eighteen different hospitals, the same number of homes, and in eight other institutions, including the Insane Asylum, the Almshouse, and the Tombs. Every where the bright blossoms are joyfully received, and manifestly do good, physically, mentally, and morally. There are Flower Charities in Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and, we presume, in other cities.

One of our daily city newspapers demands, "How is justice to be done when the judge has the headache, and the lawyers are dizzy, and the witnesses are sick at the stomach, and the suitors are sicker than the witnesses?" It appears that of the ten judges who were assigned to the Supreme Court in this city, half a dozen have been seriously ill, and none of them really well, for some time past. The poor ventilation of the Court-house is believed to be the cause of much of this sickness. It has been supposed that the *arrangements* for ventilation in the Court-house were very perfect, but from recent investigations of the Health Board it seems that various interfering causes almost nullify these arrangements. And the judges and lawyers have been sitting, day after day, breathing over and over again the same noxious air. No wonder that one after another of them was seized with vertigo! Fresh air, and a plenty of it, is imperatively needed by professional men who lead a sedentary life. With noxious court-houses and damp, sunless offices, in which the air is seldom thoroughly changed, it is only strange that so many men are able to pore over musty books and papers so long as they do without serious illness.

"Snow-shoe Thompson," the man who for the past twenty years has carried the mail over the Sierras every winter when the roads were blockaded with snow, died on May 15, after a short illness. He caught a severe cold some weeks ago, but attended to business, until his illness assumed the form of lung fever. He died at his farm in Diamond Valley, about three miles from Woodford's, Hope Valley, Alpine County, California. His real name was John A. Thompson.

The vital statistics of Connecticut reveal the fact that in that State deaths from diseases of the digestive organs are fewer than formerly. This is believed to be due to a greater intelligence in regard to both cooking and eating.

Decoration-day may well serve as a reminder to do all that is possible to ameliorate the condition of the soldiers who, by reason of wounds or impaired health, are unable to earn a livelihood by their work. An appeal is made by the Memorial Committee of the Grand Army of the Republic for contributions toward a Soldiers' and Sailors' Home in the Empire State. Land has been tendered for this purpose in various localities in the State, and it is hoped that a sufficient amount can be raised to accomplish this desirable result, and at least commence the building before the close of the Centennial year. Donations may be sent to the "Chairman of the Finance Committee," head-quarters, the "Cottage," Union Square, New York.

Winter sports in summer-time is the European fashion now. A skating rink, with an asphaltum course one hundred and sixty feet long and sixty wide, was opened in Berlin a fortnight ago. The occasion brought together many of the dignitaries of the court.

On a second trial the mustang race at Fleetwood Park was a decided success. Peralta, the Mexican rider, achieved the feat of riding one hundred and fifty-five miles in seven hours; in fact, he had two minutes to spare. The mistakes made by the rider in the first race were avoided. Peralta was in the care of a physician, he took proper nourishment, he rode around the course in reverse directions, and took various other needful precautions. The race, however, was rather a test of human endurance than of speed of horses.

The story goes that one of the members of the House of Representatives found the following note on his desk the other day:

"Most respected Sir,—I wish to know if my father can be placed on show at the Centennial?

"Most respectfully, James Lee."

The Congressman found a young man of color in waiting, and asked, "What is this about your father?"

The applicant explained that he had a father in Baltimore aged one hundred and two years.

"Was he Washington's body-servant?" again queried the Congressman; and James Lee replied,

"No, Sah; but he looked very much like General Washington, Sah, and he has been taken for him several times."

The International Temperance Conference which will convene in Philadelphia, in the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, June 13, for a three days' session, promises to be the most important World's Temperance Congress ever held. It will include a large number of well-known representative temperance men and women of our own country and many distinguished foreign delegates. Papers will be presented giving a general history of temperance work in this and other countries. All churches and religious bodies, as well as all temperance organizations, are invited to send delegates.

An enterprising little boy who was determined to see the Centennial left his home in this city soon after the opening, unknown to his parents, and concealed himself on a freight train bound to Philadelphia. He reached the desired spot; but his investigations were brought to a termination by the police, who, finding a ten-year-old wandering about the Centennial grounds without protection, took him into custody, and sent him back to his parents.

A most extraordinary disaster occurred in St. Paul's, Minnesota, the other day, in the shape of an eruption of wheat from one of the bins of an elevator. The bin is, or was, twenty by thirty feet in width, about seventy feet deep, and was filled with wheat from bottom to top, the amount being estimated at about thirty-four thousand bushels. Suddenly it was discovered that the wheat was pushing out the side of the elevator, thirty or forty feet from the top, and that several of the iron stays had snapped asunder. Efforts were promptly made to reduce the pressure by removing the wheat; but it was too late, and soon, with a great crash, the wooden timbers burst open, the iron sheathing was ripped off, and out rushed the wheat in a gigantic stream twenty feet in diameter. It poured over the bluff, crushing to fragments a shanty about fifty feet from the elevator, although the inmates had time to escape. The sight of this torrent of wheat was a most singular one. The whole amount discharged from the ragged hole in the elevator was variously estimated at from seven to ten thousand bushels. It took but a few moments to deposit this golden grain in a pile at the foot of the elevator about seventy-five feet square. A force of men was at once employed to shovel the wheat in upon the floor of the elevator, in the midst of which process a shower came. But the grain was kept comparatively dry.

"O wad some power the giftie gi'e us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

Behold that pale, emaciated figure, with downcast eye, like some criminal about to meet her fate! See that nervous, distrustful look, as she walks along with a slow and unsteady step. The pink has left her cheeks and the cherry her lips. The once sparkling, dancing eyes are now dull and expressionless. The once warm, dimpled hands are now thin and cold. Her beauty has fled. What has wrought this wondrous change? What is that which is lurking beneath the surface of that once lovely form? Does she realize her terrible condition? Is she aware of the woeful appearance she makes? Woman, from her very nature, is subject to a catalogue of diseases from which man is entirely exempt. Many of these maladies are induced by her own carelessness, or through ignorance of the laws of her being. Again, many Female Diseases, if properly treated, might be arrested in their course, and thereby prove of short duration. They should not be left to an inexperienced physician who does not understand their nature, and is, therefore, incompetent to treat them. The importance of attending to Female Diseases in their earliest stages can not be too strongly urged. For if neglected, they frequently lead to Consumption, Chronic Debility, and oftentimes to Insanity. In all classes of Female Diseases, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is without a rival. No medicine has ever surpassed it. In "The people's Common-Sense Medical Adviser," of which R. V. Pierce, M.D., of Buffalo, N. Y., is the author and publisher, is an extended treatise on Woman and her Diseases. Under this head the various affections to which woman is incident are carefully considered, accurately portrayed, and a restorative course of treatment suggested. Every woman, as she values her life and health, should possess a copy of this valuable book. If she be diseased, this "Adviser" will show her how she may be restored to health, and also direct her how she may ward off many maladies to which she is constantly being exposed. Let every suffering woman heed this timely advice and *see herself as others see her*. Price of Adviser, $1 50 (postpaid) to any address.—[*Com.*]

For all disorders arising from an unhealthy condition of the liver or stomach no remedy equals Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills, which are now used by thousands with the most beneficial results. One box of these pills, valued at 25 cents, will prove the efficacy of the medicine. No matter how costive or how bilious the system may be, the habit of body is immediately corrected and regulated, and the organs are brought to a healthy and natural activity. The Mandrake Pills are likewise an infallible remedy for sick headache and piles. For sale by all druggists.—[*Com.*]

Spotted Tail and Sitting Bull have dug up the hatchet and are on the war path, but the "Little Hatchet" Watch Charm will cause more excitement among the whites. See advertisement on page 499.—[*Com.*]

The greatest discovery of the age is Dr Tobias's Venetian Liniment for the cure of aches and pains; also cholera, dysentery, colic, and vomiting; warranted for over twenty-seven years, and never failed. No family or traveler should be without it. It is worth its weight in gold. Sold by the druggists.—[*Com.*]

Asthma.—It is useless to describe the tortures of spasmodic asthma. Those who have suffered from its distressing paroxysms know what it is. Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy has never failed to afford immediate relief.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CONSUMPTION, Weak Lungs, Throat diseases, Dyspepsia, General Debility, Loss of Strength, Flesh, and Appetite, and all diseases arising from Poverty of the Blood, promptly and radically cured by WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA. *Established* 1858. Prices $1 and $2 per bottle. Prepared only by
WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists,
Sold by Druggists. **36 John St., New York.**

PURGATION VERSUS THE KNIFE.

"*Omnium morborum unus et Idem modus est.*"
—Hippocrates.

"Purge out the old leaven and ye shall be a new lump, free from spot or blemish."—St. Paul.

In this day, when Light beams upon the Cottage, as well as upon the Palace, it is shocking that a man's leg must be cut off, because of a fever sore, as happened at Tarrytown recently. Fever Sore is a curable disease, the loss of a limb an irretrievable misfortune. The mania for Amputation is fearful in its present and remote consequences. This cutting does not in any wise reduce the sum of impure humors in a patient's body; the seeds of disease are still left, and will surely grow again, and the case will be worse than before, until the end cometh, which will be soon. To cure fever sore, never lose your limb; it is about as sensible a plan as to cut off your head because it aches.

Abernethy, seventy years ago, clearly proved that local disease could only be cured by remedies whose action was through the stomach and bowels.

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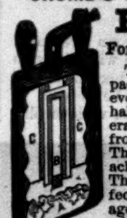

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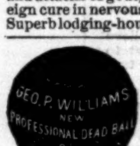

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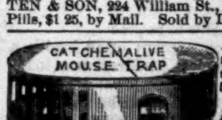

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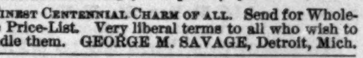

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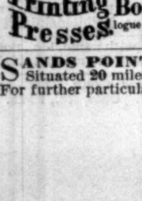

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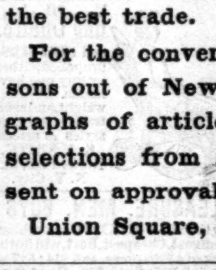

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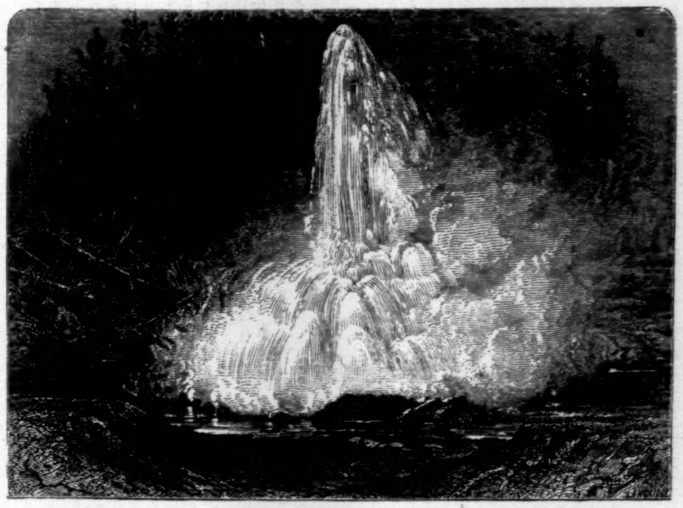

GEYSER OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

THERE has been a great improvement within the last ten or fifteen years not only in the quality, but the appearance, of school-books. The dingy spellers, readers, and geographies from which the children of the last generation learned their lessons, assisted too frequently by the painful stimulus of the rod and ferule, have given way to attractive books which it is a pleasure to handle and to study from, while the new and scientific methods of imparting instruction render the acquisition of knowledge a far less difficult task than it used to be, without loss of mental discipline. In no department of school literature has this improvement been more marked than in geography, as may easily be seen by a comparison of HARPER'S new *School Geography*, from which the illustrations on this page are taken, with any previous works in the department. It used to be thought that any sort of wood-cuts, however rude and uncouth, would do for a geography, as well as for any other school-book, and most school committees would have laughed at the idea of educating the taste as well as the other mental faculties of boys and girls. Happily for the pupils of this generation, other ideas prevail at the present day. Publishers vie with each other in presenting school-books of attractive form and appearance, and take pride in supplying the young people with books which are in themselves an incentive to study. *Harper's School Geography* is an excellent example of the new *régime*. The numerous illustrations with which the work is embellished have been prepared with as much care as to drawing and engraving as if they had been intended for a volume of travels or a costly gift book, and yet each serves its proper purpose of elucidating the printed text, and directing the pupil's attention to some important or interesting fact in the history, the scenery, the manners and customs, the industry and arts, and other characteristics of the several countries and peoples described in the lessons. Every teacher will see at a glance the advantages of such a method of engaging the interest of his pupils. Another admirable feature of this geography is the beauty of the maps. Great care has been exercised to make them not only correct in every particular, and as full of detail as maps for elementary study can well be, combined with perfect clearness and legibility, but pleasing to the eye. Most of them are printed in very delicate and attractive tints, and challenge comparison with any maps ever published for the use of schools.

The first part of this work treats of physical geography in a brief but clear and comprehensive manner, and has a series of special maps, illustrations, exercises, and descriptions. The second part treats of political geography. Each series is complete in itself, and may be so taught if it be thought desirable. Many important original features have been introduced into this geography which greatly enhance its practical value as a medium for imparting instruction. Among these may be mentioned the map showing the divisions and subdivisions of the United States, displayed upon an entirely new plan, and the industrial and commercial map of the same country, which exhibits in a clear and simple manner its leading industries and resources, its various existing and proposed systems of transportation by railroad, coast lines, and interior water ways. These are presented in such a way as to be easily committed to memory. Another excellent and distinctive feature of the work is the clear relation of the questions to the maps and the text, by which the difficulties which frequently arise from obscurity in this respect are entirely obviated. The cities and towns treated of in the text are at once pointed out both by the prominence of the type and by a peculiar device of coloring the maps. It may be added that the definitions are few and concise, and are expressed in the simplest language which the subject will allow.

At the present time, more than at any former period, the study of geography is an essential element of popular education to the man of business no less than to the man of letters. The "ends of the earth" were never before brought so near together in political and commercial relations. Through the telegraph and the newspaper, we are nearer to Australia to-day than New York and Philadelphia were fifty years ago. Every morning our great metropolitan press spreads before us the news of the whole world, and the interest of half the items we read at the breakfast table is lost unless the possession of accurate geographical knowledge enables us to "place" the news with intelligence. It is the aim of *Harper's School Geography* to place this knowledge before the growing generation in a simple yet practical and definite manner. The author is a teacher of long and varied experience, who knows thoroughly the difficulties of the class-room and the best means of surmounting them.

GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.

True geographical knowledge is of comparatively recent origin. No system of geography can be found in the Bible. The sacred writers formed no theory respecting the form or structure of the earth. From expressions gathered here and there in the Hebrew Scriptures, it is plain that, in common with other nations of antiquity, the "chosen people" regarded the world as an immense plain, varied with mountain ranges, divided by seas and rivers, and overarched by the dome of heaven, in which were set the revolving sun and moon and stars—the lights which ruled the day and governed the night. The Hebrews, not being a commercial people, were more restricted in geographical knowledge than the Phenicians and Carthaginians, who early made themselves acquainted not only with the shores of the Mediterranean, but with the coasts of Europe. As early as the time of SOLOMON these adventurous nations sent their ships through the straits of Gibraltar to the British Islands—a more daring venture, in those times, than the voyage of COLUMBUS across the unexplored Atlantic.

The ancient Hebrews appear to have entertained the idea that to the westward of their land lay a limitless ocean, while the solid earth stretched immeasurably out to the eastward. The Greeks, on the contrary, believed the earth to be a flat circle entirely surrounded by water. This was a natural idea in a region almost insular, while the circular shape was suggested by that of the visible horizon. Indeed, until science demonstrated the globular form of the earth, it was universally believed that mankind dwelt upon a flat circular surface; that above them stretched the vault of heaven, while underneath all was darkness, a dreadful abyss, which was known as the under-world, or hell, where dwelt the spirits of the departed.

HOMER, like the ancient poets generally, delighted in topographical detail, and scarcely allows a city or natural object to pass without applying to it some characteristic epithet. It was only, however, within a very limited range that he could give these distinct and animated descriptions. The Greek islands, beautiful and fertile spots, which seem to have been the cradle of European civilization, were the central point from which his knowledge emanated. He knew well, and had probably visited, on the one side, Peloponnesus, Attica, and the regions immediately adjoining; on the other, the western coast of Asia Minor, and the banks of the beautiful river by which it is watered. Beyond this circle the world of HOMER was involved in mysterious obscurity.

The system of geography included in the great historical work of HERODOTUS is as complete as could be formed from the materials within his reach. It comprises a general summary of all that he could learn respecting the human race and the regions which they inhabited. His information was obtained not solely or chiefly from books, but mostly by traveling—the only mode in which at that era geographical knowledge could be effectually collected. He assures us that he had visited Persia, Assyria, Egypt, Thrace, Scythia, and all the distant regions which he describes. He viewed them, however, only as tracts of territory, the abodes of men, and did not attempt to combine them into any system of the earth. Yet his knowledge, such as it was, consisted of plain facts, untinctured by theory, and was both solid and extensive. From thence to the Middle Ages geographical knowledge among the Greeks was

CONSTRUCTING A RAILROAD.

ORIGIN OF AN ICEBERG.

"A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY."—[FROM A PAINTING BY E. HERTEL.]

chiefly extended through the conquests of ALEXANDER, while those of the Romans enlarged the field, until a great portion of the three divisions of the eastern continent was generally known.

But an important advance in the science of geography was made by ERATOSTHENES nearly three centuries before Christ. He was the first to use parallels of longitude and latitude, and constructed maps on mathematical principles. Although his work on geography is lost, we learn from STRABO that he considered the world to be a sphere, revolving with its surrounding atmosphere on one and the same axis, and having one centre. He believed that only about one-eighth of the earth's surface was inhabited, while the extreme points of his habitable world were Thule in the north, China in the east, the Cinnamon coast of Africa in the south, and the point now known as Cape St. Vincent in the west. During the three hundred years between ERATOSTHENES and STRABO many voluminous works on geography were compiled, which have been either wholly lost to us or only very partially preserved in the records of later writers. STRABO'S great work on geography, which is said to have been composed when he was eighty years of age, has been considered as a model of what such works should be in regard to the methods of treating the subject; but while his descriptions of all the places he has himself visited are interesting and instructive, he seems unduly to have discarded the authority of previous writers.

In the Middle Ages the Arabs were the most learned of nations. Geography among them was studied with great ardor, and employed the pens of some of their ablest writers. In the Dark Ages there was little progress in geographical science. As yet the boundaries of even the eastern continent had not been defined; large portions of the interior had not been explored; vast seas and rivers were but partially known; the shape of the earth had not been ascertained; the continent of America and the Oceanic islands were as yet undiscovered.

But a new era was approaching. The republics of Italy, and especially that of Venice, were states in which a spirit of commerce and inquiry had arisen, and rapid advances were made in geographical knowledge. About this time MARCO POLO spent twenty-five years in traversing the remote parts of Asia. His narrative was soon translated into various languages, and spread all over Europe. The discovery of America by COLUMBUS soon followed. Within the next two or three years the CORTEREALS, a daring family of Portuguese navigators, began the long and vain search for a passage round the north of America. In 1501, CABRAL, destined for India, struck unexpectedly on the coast of Brazil, which he claimed for Portugal. In 1513, NUNEZ BALBOA, crossing the narrow isthmus of Panama, beheld the boundless expanse of the Pacific Ocean. After this expeditions were soon pushed forward, on one side to Chili, and on the other to California and the regions to the north, until nearly a full view was obtained both of the great interior breadth of America and of that amazing range of coast which it presents to the Pacific Ocean.

In the Eastern world, that domain which the papal grant had assigned to Portugal, discovery was equally rapid. Bands of hardy navigators had explored the coasts of Hindostan, of Eastern Africa, and Arabia, had penetrated to Malacca and the Spice Islands, learned the existence of Siam and Pegu, and even attempted to enter the ports of China. But the characteristic jealousy of that power was soon awakened, the Portuguese embassy was not admitted into the presence of the emperor, and a mandate was issued that none of the men with long beards and large eyes should enter the havens of the Celestial Empire. After all these discoveries, the grand achievement yet remained of laying open to the wondering eyes of mankind that structure of the globe which, though demonstrated by the astronomer, seemed to the generality of the human race contrary to the testimony of their senses. MAGELLAN, in 1520, undertook, by circumnavigating the globe, to solve this mighty problem. He passed through the straits which bear his name, and crossed the entire breadth of the Pacific. He himself was unhappily killed at the Philippine Islands, but his companions sailed on, and presented themselves to the astonished eyes of the Portuguese at the Moluccas. In three years they reached Europe, and it could no longer be doubted by the most skeptical that the earth was a spherical body.

The progress of discovery over the globe, when the first steps had been taken, was astonishingly rapid. No cost, no peril, deterred even private adventurers from equipping fleets, crossing the oceans, and facing the rage of savage nations in the remotest extremities of the earth. Within thirty years of the discovery of America the whole coast of the continent from Greenland to Cape Horn had been explored, the outlines of Asia and Africa had become familiar to navigators, and numerous islands in the Indian Ocean had been discovered. The sixteenth century was especially marked by continued attempts, successful and unsuccessful, to extend the sphere of oceanic discovery. Also, the desire to reach India by a shorter route than those by the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn led to many attempts to discover a northwest passage, which, though they signally failed in their object, had the effect of materially enlarging our knowledge of the polar regions.

The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries gave a new turn to the study of geography by bringing other sciences to bear upon it, which, in their turn, derived elucidation from the extension of geographical knowledge; and it is to the aid derived from history, astronomy, and the physical and natural sciences that we owe the completeness that characterizes modern works on geography. In the seventeenth century the Dutch, under TASMAN and VAN DIEMEN, made the Australasian islands known to the civilized world; and in the latter half of the eighteenth century Captain COOK extended the great oceanic explorations by the discovery of New Zealand and many of the Polynesian groups. He failed, however, to find the antarctic continent, which was first visited in 1840 by expeditions from America, England, and France. This will probably prove to have been the last among great oceanic discoveries, and the attention of explorers is now turned to the interior of the great continents.

In America the travels of HUMBOLDT, FREMONT, and others have done much to make us acquainted with the broad general features; but a great deal yet remains to be done in regard to special districts of Central and Southern America. In Asia numerous travelers, geographers, and naturalists have contributed to render our knowledge precise and certain in respect to a great part of the continent, whose natural characteristics have been more especially represented by the great physicist, RITTER, while we owe a large debt of gratitude to the Jesuit missionaries, whose indefatigable zeal has furnished us with a rich mass of information in regard to minor details of Asiatic life and nature.

In the great continent of Africa, on whose northern shores flourished the ancient civilizations of Egypt and Carthage, the combined influences of a malign climate and of hostile tribes of savages long retarded the advance of European explorers into the interior. MUNGO PARK and BRUCE were among the earliest to penetrate to any considerable distance from the coast, but until the discoveries of LIVINGSTONE, BURTON, SPEKE, SCHWEINFURTH, STANLEY, DU CHAILLU, and CAMERON were given to the world, little was accurately known of the vast lake region of Africa, where the Nile and the Congo and other mighty rivers have their source. Even yet much of our information regarding the interior of the African continent remains vague and undefined, and perhaps only when the great schemes of turning the waters of the Mediterranean into the desert, and running a railroad from Cairo to Lake Nyanza, shall have been accomplished, shall we obtain an accurate knowledge of the topography of those vast regions.

In Australia, though much still remains to be done, the obscurity which had hitherto hung over the interior has been to a great extent diminished by the explorations of STURT, EYRE, LEICHHARDT, and the brothers GREGORY, and still more by the highly important labors of BURKE and WILLS, who in 1860 crossed the Australian continent from Melbourne to Carpentaria. Although both these intrepid explorers perished miserably from starvation on their return route, their journals and the description that has been given by them and their sole surviving companion, KING, of the country through which they passed, prove that the land is far from being the desert it has been imagined.

The progress which has marked recent discovery has been materially aided by the encouragement and systematic organization which have been given to plans of exploration by the public governments of different countries, and by the efforts of the numerous geographical societies which have been formed during the present century. The constantly increasing mass of information collected by scientific explorers is rapidly infusing correct information in regard to distant regions, and thus effectually dispelling the numerous fallacies which have hitherto obscured the science of geography.